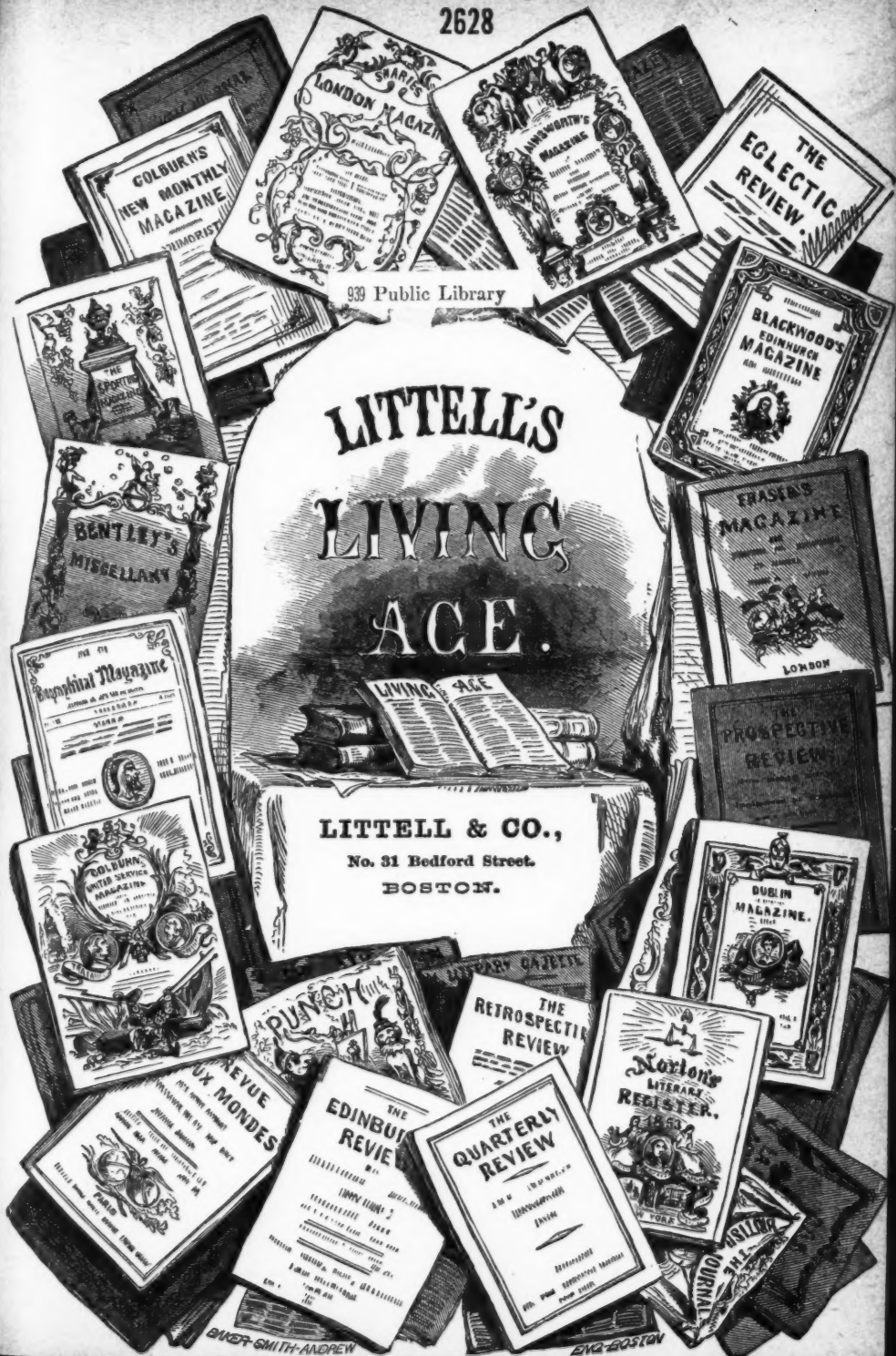


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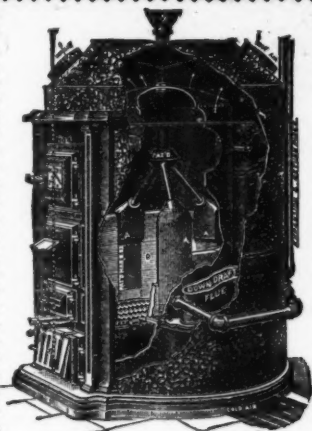
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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCIII.

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AFTER SUMMER.

WHERE late the wild bee brushed
 The fragrant dogrose clusters, leaves
 hang lone ;
 With many a poppy flushed
 The cool white-flowering peas have
 bloomed and gone ;
 Summer lifts wings to fly
 And breathes from honeysuckle lips her
 long good-bye.

Yet the frail harebell stays
 Lightly upon the breeze to dream and
 swing ;
 A thousand greener sprays
 From out the old oak's bosom laughing
 spring ;
 In contrast calm and grand
 The dark-robed purpling woods and new-
 mown meadows stand.

The white convolvulus drifts
 In snowy foam upon the tossing hedge ;
 Staunchly the bulrush lifts
 His ruddy spike, unsheathed among the
 sedge ;
 From glades with bracken lined
 The timid hare runs out and races with
 the wind.

Among the seeding grass
 The moonlight-mailed thistle rises tall ;
 Nettles in armies mass ;
 The stately hemlock towers above them
 all ;
 Struggling for life beneath
 The fragile flowers pine and 'gin to dream
 of death.

The waves of wheat and rye
 Higher and higher flood on every side,
 Wherein the hedges lie
 Like sunken reefs washed by a golden
 tide ;
 The light lisp of the seas,
 The seething of the foam, is heard in every
 breeze.

First of the migrant throng,
 His northern haunts the eager cuckoo
 leaves ;
 Awhile with feast and song
 His fellows revel 'mid the fruitful
 sheaves ;
 Ere long in secret flight
 Their wings shall veil the sky with swiftly
 passing night.

Each evening Autumn stands
 And scans the rippling fields of drooping
 rye,

Shading with archèd hands
 Dark dreamy eyes against the blaze of
 sky ;
 Her smile is tinged with pride ;
 Ripe fruit blush round her feet ; a sickle
 burns beside.

Soon shall the rocking load,
 With children's eyes atop that peep and
 play,
 Labor along the road
 Robbed by light-fingered trees upon its
 way,
 While men and maidens toil
 Till the long daylight fade to hoard the
 golden spoil.

Cornhill Magazine.

CURFEW-TIDE.

The long day closes.

THE thrushes sing in every tree ;
 The shadows long and longer grow ;
 Broad sunbeams lie athwart the lea ;
 The oxen low ;
 Round roof and tower the swallows slide ;
 And slowly, slowly sinks the sun,
 At curfew-tide,
 When day is done.

Sweet Sleep, the night-time's fairest child,
 O'er all the world her pinions spreads ;
 Each flower, beneath her influence mild,
 Fresh fragrance sheds ;
 The owls, on silent wings and wide,
 Steal from the woodlands, one by one,
 At curfew-tide,
 When day is done.

No more the clanging rookery rings
 With voice of many a noisy bird ;
 The startled wood-dove's clattering wings
 No more are heard ;
 With sound like whispers faintly sighed,
 Soft breezes through the tree-tops run,
 At curfew-tide,
 When day is done.

So may it be when life is spent,
 When ne'er another sun can rise,
 Nor light one other joy present
 To dying eyes ;
 Then softly may the spirit glide
 To realms of rest, disturbed by none,
 At curfew-tide,
 When day is done.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Contemporary Review.
EAST AND WEST.

BY ELISEE RECLUS.

I.

ON the surface of this round earth the cardinal points have no precise meaning except in relation to particular places. The Greenwich observer may point to his north and his south, his east and his west; but the astronomers of Paris, of Washington, of Santiago, and direction-seeking mankind generally, will look for theirs in other directions. The lines traced by the meridians and the equator are purely artificial. Nevertheless the attempt has been made to give to the geographical terms of orientation a common meaning that should be accepted by all. Thus Carl Ritter, taking into account the idea of heat and of blinding light which Europeans associate with the "South," reserved the name of "South" for the Sahara and the other deserts of the torrid zone which lie between the northern and the southern hemisphere. In the same way the expressions "East" and "West" have been used for thousands of years as synonymous with "Asia" and "Europe;" and indeed the very names of the two continents, in their original tongues, meant precisely "the Rising Sun" and "the Setting Sun." To the Assyrians the land of Assû — i.e., Asia — was the region lit by the earliest morning rays, and the land of Ereb, or Europe, included all the countries lying west of them, towards the evening purple. The Arabs took up the word again, and applied it to the western extremity of their conquests in Mauritania and the Iberian peninsula — "El Gharb," "Maghreb," "the Algarves."

In current speech the expressions East and West must necessarily apply to regions whose boundary shifts from age to age with the march of civilization. Thus Asia Minor, the "West" *par excellence* to the Assyrians, became to the Byzantines the land of the sun-rising (Anatolia, Natolie, Anadoli); and later, along the shores of the Mediterranean, the word "Levant," ap-

plied by the mariners of the "Ponent" to all the ports of the seas that bathe the coasts of Asia, came to mean more particularly Smyrna and the other ports of the Asiatic peninsula. So, again, the "Eastern Empire" embracing fully half the Roman world, included in its vast domain the territory of the Ravennate, belonging to that Italian peninsula which was the ancient Hesperia, "the going down of the sun." Thus the phrases "East" and "West" were bound to change their meaning, even in the popular acceptance, and it became necessary to gain precision by introducing subdivisions — "Eastern Europe," "Eastern Asia," the "Far East,"¹ just as, in the United States, they distinguish between "East," "West," and "Far West."

From an historical point of view, however, it may be useful to try to determine approximately the normal line of separation between the two halves of the ancient world which best deserve the names of East and West. Just as every surface has its diagonal, and every body its axis, so the total mass of the continents has its median line, where the contrasts of soil, climate, and history poise themselves over against each other. Taking as a whole the regions in which mankind has spent its life, and reached at last the consciousness of its collective personality, what is this median line, this watershed of human history? Africa may be left out, for its development appears to have taken place almost independently; and that massive continent, four-fifths of whose surface lies within the southern temperate or the torrid zone — the "South" *par excellence* — belongs to our common world of early history only by its Mediterranean littoral — Egypt, Cyrenaica, Mauritania. But, on the other hand, we must restore to the ancient world the isles of the Indian Ocean which form the retinue of the Gangetic peninsulas, and all the island groups that people the immense stretch of sea eastward towards Amer-

¹ "Orient Slave," "Orient Grec," "Orient Chinois," "Extrême Orient."

ica, for, by the migrations and counter-migrations of their inhabitants, by their legends and traditions, and by the whole testimony of historic evolution, these ocean territories do indeed form part of the same circle as Farther Asia.

It might seem, at first sight, as if the true and natural partition between East and West must be indicated by the watershed which separates the eastward slope towards the Indian and Chinese seas from the slope that drains into the Atlantic through the Mediterranean and other European waters. But this boundary, purely artificial after all, as it winds from the Taurus to the Caucasus, crosses populations subject to the same influences of soil and climate, participators in the same historical movements, and composed to a great extent of elements of the same ethnological origin. The true frontier between the Eastern and Western world must be so shifted as to throw off upon the Western side the whole watershed of the great twin streams, Tigris and Euphrates, as well as the chief summits of Iran. This whole region of Persia and Media, of Assyria and Chaldaea, is intimately associated in its history with the countries of the Mediterranean, while its relations with the Eastern world were always less active and more frequently interrupted.

The line of separation, then, is to be found farther East, and it is well marked, not by the outlines of the continent of Asia, but by a space of territory distinguished at once by the high relief of the soil and the comparative sparseness of the population. Between Mesopotamia, where the swarming human race reared its tower of Babel, and the western plains of Hindostan, with their teeming populations—in some parts two thousand or more to the square mile—a transverse zone, containing less than two inhabitants to the same surface, runs from north to south between the Gulf of Oman and the icy Arctic Sea. This almost uninhabited zone begins just west of the plains of the lower Indus and its frontier mountains, in the desert tracts of

southern Beloochistan, scattered with rare oases. Between India and Afghanistan it stretches north and north-east along the rugged escarpments of the Suleiman Dagh and other ranges, whose hidden basins and narrow gorges give shelter to mountain tribes living far from the haunts of other men, except when the martial fury seizes them and brings them to blows with their neighbors of the lower tableland or the plains. To the north-west of Hindostan the folds of the soil become deeper and more numerous, sharply dividing the world with their countless walls. The high summits of the Hindoo-Koosh, inferior only to those of the Himalaya of Nepaul, tower above these ridges and spread their glaciers to enormous distances. Beyond these, again, the immense mass of almost impassable highlands which have been called the "Roof of the World" continue the line of demarcation very effectually between Hindoo-Koosh and Thian-Shan, and the ill-watered adjacent plains broaden at many points the median zone of separation between East and West. Finally, farther north, in the great Siberian depression, the salt borders of Lake Balkash and the barren reaches of Semipalatinsk and the "Hungry Steppe" stretch between the Obi and the Yenisei along a band of thinly inhabited country which loses itself in the frozen tundras. The researches of Gmelin and other naturalists have established the fact that the true separation between Europe and Asia lies here, in these low and arid regions, and not along the green heights of the Ural Mountains.

The ancient world, then, is clearly divided into two distinct halves, their continental masses being of nearly equal size. The broad zone of separation is formed, along half its length, of a chain of eminences which includes the central knot of the mountain system of Eurasia, and is broken only at rare intervals by passes which have served as roadways for war and merchandise. Narrow exceedingly and difficult of access were these few highways, which afforded the only means of commu-

nication between the populations on either side, the only junction between the different civilizations of the eastern and western slopes ! Just as a fall of earth may suddenly choke the current of a stream, so an incursion of mountain tribes might suddenly close the transit between East and West, and the world be thus sharply cut in two again. This, as a matter of fact, has happened many times. To open the passage and to keep it open has needed from age to age the marshalling of enormous forces such as those of the great conquerors, Alexander, Mahmoud the Ghaznavid, Akbar the Great. In our own day, the mountainous part of the dividing line still opposes serious obstacles to the march of man, in spite of roads and railways, caravan-serais and forts of refuge ; but how much more dangerous was the mountain barrier in historic times, when it rose before him bare and formidable, without roads or cities !

In that sense, the general meaning of the expressions East and West is clearly determined for the rest of the earth's circuit. On the one side lies all that part of Asia which leans toward the Indian Ocean and the Pacific—India, Ceylon, the Malay peninsula, and the great islands and island groups which stud the vast stretch of waters almost to the American coast. On the other hand lies the Asiatic peninsula which reaches out into the Mediterranean world—Egypt and Morocco, Europe, and, beyond the Atlantic, the whole American continent. For that double continent, facing eastward by its estuaries, by the valleys of its great rivers and the spread of its fertile plains, belongs incontestably, by its history no less than by its geographical orientation, to the European cosmos.

II.

THUS delimited, the two halves of the world, East and West—including their inland seas and the oceans that bathe them—occupy a surface of such extent that, up to a few centuries ago, their boundaries were unknown to their own inhabitants. At the far ends

of the earth, the isolation and unconsciousness of the populations which had been left outside the cycle of universal history prevented their concerning themselves with the great contrast between the separated halves of humanity ; but in the ancient world, from the very beginnings of national life in the historic nations, as they are preserved to us in legends and annals, the distinction between East and West already existed in full force. The evolution of humanity was worked out differently on the two sides of the line, and every century increased the original divergence of the separate civilizations. Which of these two evolutions—taking place, the one around the shores of the great ocean, the other chiefly on the Mediterranean seaboard—was destined to produce the mightier results, to contribute the larger share to the common education of humanity ? There can be no hesitation as to the answer. In the struggle for existence the championship remains with the West. It is the peoples of the West who have shown that they possess both the initiative to advance and the power of recovery.

And yet it seemed at first as if the East were the privileged half of the planet. History indeed proves to demonstration that, taken as a whole, the nations of the East had their period of real superiority. Without entering on a problem which it would now be impossible to solve, that of assigning a priority of civilization to one country or another, without inquiring whether the ground was first tilled on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates or on those of the Indus and the Yang-tse-kiang, or whether ships were sailing the Mediterranean Sea before the Indian Ocean was known to the mariner, we may assuredly say that, three thousand years ago, the races sufficiently advanced to be aware of their own place in history occupied a far wider region east of the diaphragm of Asia than west of it. The ravines and tablelands occupied by the Medes and Persians, the plains of Assyria and Chaldaea, the countries of the Hittites,

of the children of Israel and the children of Ishmael, the coasts of the Phœnicians and the mountains of the Himyarites, the islands of Cyprus and Crete, and finally the frontier lands of Asia where germinated the civilization which was to blossom in Greece, on the other side of the *Ægean Sea*—all these countries form but a small domain compared with the vast tract of south-eastern Asia, from the Indus to the Yellow River. And to this great Asiatic territory, together perhaps with southern Siberia, so rich in inscriptions of a vanished age, we must add a great part of the Malay archipelago, whose civilization is certainly of very ancient date. And finally, the lands of Oceania, scattered eastward over a liquid expanse not less in extent than the whole continental mass of the ancient world, appear to have formed part of an area whose historical development was superior to that of the European populations at the time of the Pelasgians.

As far back as history goes towards the origin of the Eastern world, we find traces of the very considerable share of influence exercised by the group of nations which has been included under the general name of Malay, taken from a district of Sumatra, one of the large islands partly populated by them. No region in this world was better furnished than this with the facilities for transit and exchange; if the word "predestined" could be applied to any part of the earth's surface, it might justly be applied to these islands and peninsulas of Malaysia. They abound in products of every sort and kind, minerals and precious gems, bark and gums, plants and fruits; every island has its riches; nowhere is there a greater diversity of living forms, vegetable or animal; two floras, two faunas, men of different nationality and race, confront each other across a narrow arm of sea. Great trunks of floating trees supply the riverside populations with ready-made rafts, only needing to be disbranched and solidly lashed together with liana ropes; while the forests of

the seashore offer their choicest woods to the boat-builder. Wide roadsteads and sheltered havens break the outline of the islands; innumerable ports of call present themselves on every side, directing the voyage of the navigator. Gradually, the Malays became the natural intermediaries between the various countries of eastern Asia, from India to Japan; and, favored by the trade-winds which carried them across the Indian Ocean from shore to shore, succeeded in turning the flank of the great barrier that separated the two worlds, and even gained the coast of Africa. Madagascar was included within their area of navigation and of conquest, and their civilization radiated almost to the opposite extremity of the earth's surface, within a little distance of the American continent. The system of numeration which obtains in all the Polynesian languages is proof sufficient of the wide spread of this Malay civilization. Even in our own day, notwithstanding the great superiority that science and industry have given to the European navigator, a great part of the carrying trade of the Far East is still conducted by the Malays with their fleets of *praus*. No literature is richer than theirs in stories of the sea; and it was the Malay seaman who gave to the Arab the Thousand and One Nights that still charm our children.

The Polynesians, again, like the Malays—scattered over their hundred islands, their ocean rocks and coral banks—took to the sea by natural compulsion, and thus contributed to the spread of geographical knowledge in the ancient East. The great diversity of types to be met with in a single group, or even on a single island, the innumerable legends of native migrations, and, finally, indisputable historical documents, prove that the Pacific Ocean was traversed from the earliest times, not only from East to West, in the direction of the trade-winds, but also in the opposite direction, with the set of the counter-currents. All this was long ago understood. It is well known that the equatorial zone strictly so called, embracing a space of about

five hundred miles north and south of the Equator, escapes the domination of the trade-winds, and the west wind alternates with calms, during which the mariner may row his boat where he will, while the normal set of swells and currents is from west to east.¹ Moreover, even in the zone of the trade-winds proper, there are storm winds that sometimes blow in a contrary direction to the prevailing atmospheric currents—as if, according to the Tongan legend,² a god had separated families of brothers by blowing an obstinate east wind between them, but now and then stopped blowing to let the relatives renew their acquaintance. The islanders were not slow to profit by the respite. Skilful in the management of their boats, they knew how to seize the opportunity afforded by the very slightest deviation of the regular winds to modify their course, reefing their sails as close as possible and pointing in the eye of the wind. When the Spaniards first visited the Marianne Islands, of which they were afterwards almost to exterminate the inhabitants, they were astonished at the sight of the flying barques, far swifter than any boat of European construction. Most of the Polynesian vessels were, moreover, provided with outriggers, which made it almost impossible to upset them; and many of them were large enough to convey the whole fighting strength of a tribe. Coppinger³ saw a canoe built to carry two hundred and fifty men.

Thus fortified by their nautical industry, the Polynesians were in a position to contribute largely, and did in fact contribute, to the discovery and exploration of the world. Some of their navigators, carried away by the storm and lost upon the waste of waters, would be guided in their search for a place of refuge by the indications afforded by the waves, by birds and fishes. Others might be driven from

their native isle by force of war or civil dissension, and launched upon the sea at the mercy of wind and wave; while others, again, young and adventurous, would set out of their own accord in search of some region more vast or more fortunate than their own. Myths and legends, the vague reminiscences, perhaps, of earlier migrations, would stimulate this exodus of islanders across the infinite expanse of sea. Thus the natives of eastern Polynesia, looking towards the West as towards a region of divine repose, concealing somewhere in its bosom the Islands of the Blest, might seek again and again to discover the happy land. Who can tell? The unconscious impulse may have been a true nostalgia, an hereditary instinct, a re-awakened yearning for the home of their ancestors. Or perhaps it was the mirage of the clouds that lured them, as it reared fantastic mountains toward the zenith, or stretched away in golden plains under the purple light of evening. Perhaps they really imagined that they saw with their own eyes that land of desire rising out of the sea, its outline appearing dimly on the horizon, then lost again—a promise not yet fulfilled, but never to be forgotten. Polynesian history tells us that these island families had a natural tendency to multiply westward—just as our modern towns, encroaching constantly on the surrounding districts, stretch out their suburbs towards the setting sun. Again and again, Polynesian voyagers, impelled by the thirst for the unknown, attempted the discovery of these lands of promise, like nomads of the steppes moving forward in search of fresh pastures. Even so lately as the beginning of this century, the people of Nouka Hiva—now more than decimated by war, oppression, and disease—sent out, from time to time, their surplus population of young men in the supposed direction of the traditional Isle of Utupu, whence the god Tao was said to have brought the cocoanut-tree.⁴ Happy couples, full of hope,

¹ La Pérouse; Kerhallet; Dunmore Lang; Ellis, etc.

² Mariner, "Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands." London. 1817.

³ Cruise of the Alert.

⁴ Rienzi; Fornander, "Account of the Polynesian Races."

would put out on the transparent evening tide, rowing towards the distant land; they rowed away and never came back; no one knew whether the sea had sucked them in, or the grim hunger had devoured them, or whether they had indeed made at last the shore of perpetual youth.

III.

DOUBTLESS the savage tribes of Europe in the Age of Stone had also their migrations and counter-migrations, overrunning, from this point or from that, countries widely remote from one another; but the political and social condition of these tribes did not afford sufficient cohesion for the preservation of any record of their comings and goings. In a world itself unknown, their journeyings remained unknown, as if they had never been; while the equally unrecorded migrations of the Pacific islanders were at any rate connected, by the network of Malay navigation, with the great world of insular and continental India, thus enabling the Orientals to form some vague idea of that vast sea, studded with a milky way of islands, which spread outwards from the coast of Asia into the immeasurable distance. It was not on that side of the world that the ocean could have been conceived—as the Greeks did conceive it—as a winding stream, embracing in its narrow arms the countries of the continent. To the Indian and Malay it must rather have seemed a limitless expanse, losing itself in the immensity of heaven.

In those early times, the East was thus far in advance of the West, both in point of its known extent and the greater cohesion of its races. But for thirty centuries, and without any retrogression of its own—for, speaking generally, evolution has everywhere been in the direction of the better, or at any rate of the vaster and more comprehensive—the East has found itself strangely distanced by the West. It has even been suggested that the precocity of its civilization was itself the cause of this arrest of development; that the Asiatic and Polynesian races

had attained a too early and therefore inferior civilization.¹ Some writers, giving themselves up to mystical fancies, and arguing from a supposed providential predestination, have tried to explain the contrast between West and East by an original and irreducible racial difference. In the beginning, according to them, the Eastern and Western races were created different, the Eastern mind cloudy and chimerical, its perceptions warped beforehand, its ideas subtle and twisted to self-contradiction; while the Western was gifted with the very genius of observation, a natural rectitude of thought, a true comprehension of life. The myth of the serpent in the garden, symbolizing, as it were, the dangerous influence of the East, seems to dominate history. But such a conception evidently rests on no better basis than the recollection of conflicts which took place at a time when the populations thrown across each other's path by war or rivalry encountered one another at different stages of their political and social development. Between a decadent civilization and a society in full process of growth the conditions are not equal; to judge fairly between them, they must be viewed at the corresponding periods of their collective life; it is no use making comparisons between the triumphant youth of Greece and the senility of Persia. Setting aside, therefore, this assumed essential difference of the races, we must turn to the geographical conditions of the Eastern world, and there seek the causes of its retarded development as compared with the progress of the West.

In the first place, the great ocean, with its thousands and thousands of islands, has, for all its immense expanse of waters, but a very meagre allowance of dry land, over and above the arid Australian continent; and the centres of civilization, such as Samoa, Tahiti, and the Tongan and Fijian groups, separated by long distances from each other, and each inhabited by

¹ Gaétan Delaunay, "*Mémoire sur l'Infériorité des Civilisations Précoces.*"

but a scanty population, could have no chance of exerting any considerable influence. There was no room within such narrow bounds for the creation of any nucleus radiating an active intellectual propaganda. New Zealand, with a superficies large enough to make the home of a powerful nation, lies altogether apart, in the solitary southern seas, far from the track of the Polynesian Islands. It was colonized later; and perhaps has not been inhabited at all for more than some thirty generations. As for the equatorial islands, from Papua to Borneo, they are large and very favorably situated at the south-eastern angle of the continent of Asia, in the very axis of the general movement of civilization; but the very richness of their forest vegetation, and the ease of living, enabled the aboriginal tribes to maintain themselves in their primitive isolation; and thus the greater part of these magnificent archipelagoes was left outside the march of progress; the Malay adventurers, as well as the colonists of other races, contented themselves with occupying the seashores. The interior was unexplored, and was, indeed, in some islands effectually closed to visitors by the "head-hunters." Only two large islands, those lying nearest to the Asiatic continent, Sumatra and Java, were attached to the civilized world of eastern Asia; and even there the inland forests and plateaux of the former country were still occupied by barbarians averse to all commerce with the foreigner. Java, again, if she enjoys the privilege of being associated with the regions of Hindoo civilization, undoubtedly owes it to her geographical conformation. Very long, very narrow, with no continuous mountain chain to serve as a backbone, cut through at intervals by passages which are practically so many straits, she has been, from the earliest days of colonization, as easy of access as if she had been a row of islands strung together like a necklace. Come whence they would, from the northern or the southern coast, the immigrants penetrated with ease into the open country be-

tween the giant volcanoes, which themselves contributed—unlikely as it might seem—to render access to the island comparatively convenient, by burning down the once impenetrable forests of the intermediate valleys, and thus opening the way from coast to coast.

Nevertheless Java, and some districts of Sumatra, and a few little neighboring islands which participate in the same civilization, do not together form a sufficient extent of territory, in comparison with the immensity of the ocean spaces, to afford a basis and centre of illumination for the whole island world of the extreme East. Nay, more; the group of great islands, as a whole, has rather contributed to break the historic unity of the insular regions. Borneo, Celebes, the greater part of the Philippine Islands, New Guinea (itself almost continental), and the arid coast of the neighboring continent of Australia, were so many countries in which the stranger, whether shipwrecked mariner or adventurous colonist, ran every chance of a hostile, if not a hungry, welcome. And, furthermore, the principal waterway between Polynesia and the islands of the Indian archipelago is almost barred by coral reefs.

Nor was it possible to find a common centre for the civilization of the Eastern world on the shores of the continent. Remarkable as was the progress of thought in the communities which sprang up on the banks of the Indus and the Ganges, in Ceylon, on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, in the basins of the Indo-Chinese rivers, among the plains watered by the Yangtse-kiang, and in the Yellow Country of the Hundred Families, these different civilizations never grouped themselves into any sort of political union, and such union as they did form, lax as it was, lasted but for a short time under the influence of religious proselytism. The communication that took place between the various countries was always rare and uncertain. Tribes which no one has been able to reduce to subjection, inhabiting in indepen-

dent groups nearly all the mountain regions, broke into separate fragments the territory of the civilized nations. Taken as a whole, the territory presents itself pretty much in the form of a spread fan. The axis of the basin of the Indus, where the first Vedas were first uttered, points towards the south-west; the united streams of the Ganges and the Brahmapootra bend their common delta directly toward the south; the water-courses of Indo-China flow in a south-easterly direction; while the rivers of China—and the progress of culture, which tends the same way—set due east. Thus the various civilizations of these countries have a natural centrifugal tendency; they never meet in a common geographical centre; and even the Indo-Chinese peninsula, situated at the very heart of the Eastern world, serves at many points rather as a barrier of separation, with its parallel mountain ranges inhabited by savage tribes. On the other hand, the tableland of Thibet, the region of the forced pass between China and India—which, from a geometrical point of view, is the true focus in the semicircle of the south-eastern countries of Asia—stretches its snowy ridges at such a height and under such a climate that its scanty populations live, as it were, for shelter, enclosed between the fissures of the soil.

To the north-west, the Oriental world is, as we have seen, sharply defined by mountain ranges, and, to some extent, by arid and almost uninhabitable wastes. Its mode of communication with the Western world, always precarious and often interrupted, was by way of dangerous mountain passes, or else by sea, either skirting the deserts of Gedrosia (south-east Beloochistan), towards the Persian Gulf, or doubling the Arabian peninsula to the narrow outlet of the Red Sea. It was thus by slender dribblets, almost drop by drop, that the quintessence of Oriental thought had to be distilled before it could join the flowing torrent of the culture of the West. But, by a striking contrast, the roads by which this transmission from world

to world necessarily took place are disposed in a diametrically different manner from that which characterizes the axes of civilization at the opposite extremity of Asia. Instead of diverging at a very obtuse angle, they tend towards one another, converging uniformly, all of them, upon the basin of the Hellenic Mediterranean. The long fissure of the Red Sea, which united the land of the Himyarites and Ethiopia to Lower Egypt, points directly towards the eastern Mediterranean, from which it is separated only by a narrow strip of shore; the winding valley of the Nile opens out in the same direction; the Persian Gulf continued to the north-west by the course of the Euphrates, runs in a straight line towards that angle of the Mediterranean which is occupied by the Isle of Cyprus; while, further north, all the rivers, all the highways of commerce which descend from Asia Minor, from the continent of Asia, and from the Sarmatian plains, to the Black Sea, become tributaries of the Greek waters through the Bosphorus and the Hellespont. Even the Anatolian peninsula divides into a number of little secondary peninsulas, enclosing basins that face towards Greece. Thus the marvellous cosmos of the Greek islands and capes was indicated, by the convergence of the ways, as the necessary meeting-point of all the Asiatic civilizations, and the focus of elaboration of all these ancient elements into new forms.

It is needless here to describe in detail the march of culture in the West. The story has been told by innumerable writers, and the knowledge of it forms a part of the ordinary classical education. Every one knows how the beacons of civilization sprang up in succession from the south-east to the north-west, under a climate sharper and less equable than that of India or the Pacific, and consequently under conditions which imposed on man a sterner struggle of adaptation and efforts more vigorous and more sustained. Every one knows how Rome, situated in the midst of a semicircle of extinct volcanoes, enclosed in their

turn by the grander semicircle of the Apennines, gradually consolidated herself within this double rampart, then made herself mistress of the whole of Italy on the hither side of the Alpine wall, and, firmly established in the centre of the Mediterranean and of the whole known world, ended by annexing all the countries which pour their waters into that inland sea, and many that border on the open sea besides. When the political power of Rome had passed away, her juridical power still remained; and then the ancient Rome was replaced by a new and mightier religious Rome, which bound to itself by the subtler tie of spiritual influence the peoples which heretofore had been the mere conquest of the sword. After Italian Rome, other centres of intense vitality sprang up north of the Alps, on the outer slope of Europe; but, even in shifting its centre of gravity towards the north and west, the world of Western civilization lost nothing, or at any rate it regained all it had lost, of the lands which had formed part of the world known to the Greeks.

The ever-increasing domain of European ascendancy has ended by embracing the whole world. Enlarged, to begin with, by the addition of the two Americas, it is now assuming to itself the continent of Africa, while its perpetual encroachments are slowly sucking in the vast territories of the rival civilization. Either directly, by force of conquest, or indirectly, under the continuous pressure of commerce and of moral influences, the whole world is being Europeanized. Of the two halves of the world struggling for existence, the Western half has won; the preponderance is hers for the future; but she has won to a great extent by the use of weapons which the East had forged for her, since the religions of the West had been elaborated in India before they came to be remodelled and transformed in Persia, in Palestine, in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome. Besides, this very triumph of the West subserves the progress of the nations it has overcome. From western Europe,

as the centre of equilibrium between the forces of the human race, radiate not only all the roadways of commerce, but also the ideas and influences of social life, in its collective solidarity.

Thanks to mutual interpenetration, the contrast between East and West is gradually diminishing. Nevertheless, it is still sharp enough; and at many points—notably in China and India—it presents itself in such a form that reconciliation seems an almost impossible task. It is now at the two extremities of the earth that the opposing forces meet in all the intensity of their antagonism; but, sometimes at one point, sometimes at another, the conflict has always been going on. The oldest historical legends—the expedition of the Argonauts, the tale of Troy—recall the state of permanent tension in which the ancient populations lived and clashed against each other—representatives in miniature of the two worlds, and, like them, seeking, in spite of their very hostility, to find some way of union. The Greeks were well aware of the profound meaning of those hereditary instincts which drove them into conflict with the peoples of the East, and which, struggle after struggle, brought them at last, with Alexander, to the banks of the Hydaspes.

It is in this same region that we must look for the end—not now, perhaps, very far distant—of the conflict between the two worlds. Travel and commerce, passing to and fro on the sea highway, are slowly contributing to bring about a mutual understanding between the races of men which points towards their unification, intellectual and moral. England, now dominant in India, labors persistently, even against her will, to reduce the contrasts that divide the populations of the peninsula, and to give them a moral unity corresponding to that of their geographical position; but the barrier of mountains and of solitudes which, to the north-west of India, marks the natural limit between East and West, is still almost as difficult to cross as it was two thousand years ago. The mountain passes

are open only to the privileged — privileged by fortune or by political power ; there are no great highways, even yet, to facilitate freedom of movement to and fro. And indeed, before any such highways can be opened to the free ingress of the nations, a great question of political equilibrium — the greatest and most pressing of modern times — must be settled once for all, and settled at the foot of those very mountains of Hindostan which have stood through all times barring the corner passage between the two worlds. England and Russia are the two countries specially involved in the dispute ; it is for them to solve — by peaceful means if possible — this problem of the levelling of the mountains of Central Asia. It was said once — but in a purely dynastic sense, and history has not yet ratified the saying — “The Pyrenees are no more !” It rests with the civilization of the West to say, more truly, and from a human, not a dynastic point of view, “We have done away with the Himalaya !”

From *The National Review*.
A VERY LIGHT RAILWAY.

THE newly finished railway ran by Mrs. Dowdall's front door with only the breadth of the narrow lane between. This was towards the middle of May, the construction having begun early in April, when the air first grew mild enough to make sitting out on the bank seem pleasant. An unusually long spell of fair weather had favored the work in its progress, and hastened its completion ; more than a month of innocent-looking daisy-and-speedwell skies had surveyed it, and no flaws of wind and rain had come to damage or delay. I am not sure whether it could be directly called a Relief Work, but it undoubtedly did take the burden of many a leaden hour off Johnny Dowdall's mind. For, being so lame that the journey from one end of the lane to the other was quite beyond his powers, he rather often found himself hampered, when casting about for em-

ployment, by the meagreness of the resources within his range. All the eight years of his life had been dominated by the fact that one of his legs was “quare,” and tended constantly to become “quarer” still. Indeed, upon the last occasion when he and his mother had sought medical advice, the doctor talked of such desperate remedies that they had abruptly ceased to consult him, and for many days after, Johnny's master dread had been a vision of Dr. Lawson's trap drawing up at their door. But since their removal out of the village row to the cabin lonesome among bye-lanes, this terror had faded from his thoughts, and did not molest him at his railway works. Over these he presided in every capacity, from chief engineer to delving navvy, and he, therefore, regarded the design and its execution with the fond delight which the artist can feel only for the poor thing that is all his own.

When finished, it was extremely complete, as far as it went, which however, was not beyond two or three yards. The top of the grassy roadside bank had been laboriously hollowed out and levelled, and at one point even tunneled through by means of a superannuated fire-shovel. Round willow twigs, deftly fitted together, made rails laid on broader sticks for sleepers, and other twigs set upright, peeled white, blackened duly with soot, and connected with cotton threads, were telegraph posts, so realistic that you could almost hear the wind hum in the wires. Orderly piles of stones and cinders and timber flanked the line, where a junction was indicated by a maze of confluent metals traced in labyrinthine sidings. But his crowning achievement was perhaps the tall signal-post, whose arms of different colored woods could be moved up and down. Johnny had wrestled long with a mechanism of crooked pins before he attained to this delightful result. If he prided himself more upon anything else, it was his rolling stock, which consisted of a truck and a carriage. They were both built of materials derived from the small, paper-covered match-boxes, of

which you can buy as many as six for one penny in the Dublin streets, or even seven—so I am told—if you craftily “let on” to walk away from the ragged urchin without coming to terms. In a happy hour Johnny chanced upon an accumulation of these boxes lying empty on the window-ledge, and he found that their garish yellow and green gave very effective touches of color to his handiwork, especially after he had fashioned one strip into a flag, and had stuck poster-wise on the face of a smooth stone the full-length portrait of a popular statesman, which adorned the lids. At a little distance it looked just like one of the soap or mustard advertisements which were inseparably associated with his idea of a railway.

This accuracy in details was due to his reminiscences of the time when he lived in the village—he called it the town—of Ballyhoy, and had been used to spend much of his leisure on the parapet of the bridge, whence he looked down into the little station, with its periodical flurries of arriving and departing and passing trains. A thunderous locomotive charging the arch at full speed, and enveloping him in a cloudy swirl of its wild white mane, was a strong sensation, which he relinquished with regret when they moved out of the village. That flitting had followed the death of Johnny's father, late head porter at Ballyhoy, and memories of the railway were accordingly fraught for Mrs. Dowdall with the melancholy of good days done, so that her son's engineering operations rather distressed her when she first noticed them. Her shrinking from the subject yielded, however, to her conviction that “’twas a good job the cra-thur had somethin’ to be divartin’ its mind wid, and she away in the fields the len’t’ of the day.” So she had fluent praises forthcoming upon demand, and added with sincerity: “Sure now, Johnny avic, it ’ud be a great convanience to us of a Saturday, if it was a somethin’ more commodious size.” For now that two long miles intervened between her and Ballyhoy

station, her weekly marketing became a serious item in the recurrent fatigues of her life. It was a terrible tag, she would remark discousolately, as having replaced the deep-eaved lilac sun-bonnet in which she weeded turnips, or gathered stones, or planted cabbages all the week, by the small, very old black straw reserved for town wear, she trudged away with her large battered basket. Sometimes when her wants were not of a bulky sort, her nearest neighbor spared her the tramp by doing her errands along with her own. This neighbor was a tall, thin, elderly woman, who occupied the cabin just out of sight round the turn. She lived quite alone, and as she had never been married, was spoken of unceremoniously as Maggie Ryan, a title to which the younger people were now beginning to prefix “ould.”

There were no other dwellers in the lane and very few passers-by, facts which had been consolatory to Johnny ever since he set about laying down his line. For it was, of course, accessible to the public, and could hardly have been proceeded with in the face of much traffic. A few random footsteps might have devastated it in all its length, and equally fatal would have been the pecketing of poultry and the nibbling of goats. But none of those dangerous creatures menaced the construction, which grew dearer to Johnny with every day's new device. When not actually working at it, he kept on it a jealous eye, though the only practical precaution he could take was to drag a trail of barbed thorny briar across the low end of the bank, in hopes that this would deter any way-farer from ascending. His most anxious moments were of an evening when Tom and Peter Denny would occasionally return home by that route from their field-work, not always with the steadiest gait. Johnny's grey eyes grew black with trouble in his harassed face as he watched apprehensively for the lurch or stagger that might lay his permanent way in ruins. However, this threat of disaster always passed on unfulfilled.

But all through these busy weeks an unrecked-of peril was growing up against him. It might have been tracked to a secluded corner of Maggie Ryan's dark kitchen, where a lily-white hen was sitting on a clutch of brown eggs. She was a very comely fowl, whose fleckless feathers looked as if they had been carved out of a faery marble; and in due time she emerged triumphant, surrounded by a brood of ten downy fluff-balls, who promised to wear exactly the like snowy plumage in maturer months. For the first few days the newcomers confined their explorations of the wide world which had opened upon them to the immediate precincts of Maggie's little house; but one fine morning, when the sun was warm on the dewy grass-banks, and grubs abounded, the whole family were tempted to prolong their rambles some way further up the lane. Thus it happened that Johnny, hobbling out of doors with his head full of fresh plans, was sorely chagrined to find the scene of his labors occupied by a party, clucking and piping, and more banefully scratching and bobbing about. The damage they had as yet done extended only to the knocking down of one telegraph-post; it was the future mischief too surely augured by their appearance which caused his dismay. He could, of course, drive them off for the time being, but he knew that he could not keep perpetually on guard against their incursions. So he scared them with shouts, and then sat down to revolve plans of defence. After some meditation an idea occurred to him, and made him start on an unwontedly long walk—all the way, about a hundred yards, to Maggie Ryan's house.

Maggie was hanging up her blue-rimmed breakfast cup on the brass dresser-hook, when she became aware of a small, grey-ragged figure halted at her threshold. "Och! and is it yourself, Johnny, lad?" she said, rather surprised, for her dwelling lay almost beyond Johnny's invisible tether, and he but rarely appeared there; "was your mother wantin' anythin'?"

"I'm after seein' a big wild cat," said Johnny, "up above under the hedge." He spoke in a hoarse whisper, which the old woman heard imperfectly, and she crossed over hurriedly to the door, saying: "What was that, sonny?"

"A great big yella wild cat it was," said Johnny, "sittin' yonder behind the bank. The size of a calf it was. Watchin' for chuckens it looked to be."

"Bedad, then! that's like enough, and bad luck to it," said Maggie Ryan, peering out anxiously. "I wonder where at all the white hin has streeled herself off to."

"If you had her shut up in the little shed, there couldn't anythin' be gettin' at them," Johnny observed pointedly.

"Thru for you," said Maggie Ryan, "and 'twould be a good plan to keep them up till they're a trifle grown anyway, if there's e'er such a bastely brute slingein' about the place. And you were an iligant child to come tell me. Have a bit of flour-cake, honey," she continued, casting about her for some impromptu reward of merit, and finding nothing more appropriate than a griddle-cake, "I'll be steppin' out and drivin' in the hin."

Johnny heard her intention with unqualified approval, and received her gift with more mingled feelings. The three-cornered cake looked inviting, but his conscience flavored it for him with a tincture of remorse, which is a seasoning to nobody's taste. He took one bite, still lingering at the door, and then said indistinctly: "Plase, ma'am—it wasn't maybe altogether the size of a calf." However, he was so uneasy about the possible effects of even this grudging concession to veracity that he hastened to add: "But it's a terrible great bigness entirely—and lookin' out it is to catch *some*thin'."

"Ah sure, child alive, calf or no, 'twould be to the full big enough to swally down one of them scraps of chuckens, if it got the chance," said Maggie, "and I'll put them in out of the way of it the next minute. Ah

now, to think of the crathur comin' creepin' along all that way to warn me," she said to herself, looking ruthfully after the small figure as it limped and dragged itself out of her ken down the green and gold-spangled space between the hedgerows, "'tis a good-hearted poor little imp, the Lord may pity it." But I fear that the crathur was at this moment sophistically saying in its good heart: "And sure there might aisy be an odd wild cat in it all the while, and I not seein' it. Very belike there is a one—or maybe a couple."

For a few days the result of Johnny's stratagem was all that he could desire. The white hen reluctantly found her wanderings circumscribed by the mud walls of the lean-to shed with its thatch of shrivelled potato-haulms, and Johnny was thus enabled to continue his work secure from harassing incursions. He gloatingly gave it several new touches, the most notable being the erection of a heap of old iron, gathered from the bunches of rusty "keys," which the willow-boughs had kept, like a cherished grievance, to dangle among their fresh spring foliage. But then rose a Saturday morning when Maggie Ryan, rather late and flurried in getting out to catch the train at Ballyhoy, failed to adequately fasten the door of the shed where she had been feeding her precious fowl, and the consequence of this oversight was that five minutes afterwards the whole brood were gleefully at large in the lane. As ill-luck would have it, the sedate stalk of the matron tended towards the Dowdall's cabin, retarded but not deflected by her incidental scrapings and pokings, and in her wake the round downy chicks followed dispersedly yet steadily as foam-bells bobbing along in the current of a stream. So that the prospects of the neighboring light railway became every moment more seriously imperilled, and had it been vested in a company, its shares might well have fallen with a run.

Meanwhile, Johnny was unaware of the approaching danger, his attention being quite engrossed by an unusual

spectacle. A great yellow furniture-van had come lumbering and creaking by, bound for seaside Quinton, and threading a short cut thither through the lane-labyrinth north of Ballyhoy. Just opposite Mrs. Dowdall's residence, which it could have stowed away with ease, some part of the harness collapsed, compelling a halt for repairs, and while one of the two men in charge was splicing and tying, the other opened the van door to make a change in the disposition of the load. To Johnny, staring hard close by, there was something rather awful about the aspect of the dark interior thus revealed, with the legs and other salient features of its freight dimly visible against a background of cavernous gloom. He thought those black recesses must hold something more mysterious than the indications of tables and chairs which actually met the eye. But he was diverted from his speculations on this point by a very self-complacent clucking croak, which sounded near at hand, and betrayed to him Maggie Ryan's white hen in the act of knocking down his precious signal-post. Her chickens were scattered out all along the line. It was a grave disaster.

Johnny could not run fast to the rescue, and his consciousness of this disability increased the exasperation with which he sent on ahead of his painful hobble his voice uplifted in shrill railing. "Git along out of that, you great ugly, dirty, big bastes of brutes!" he yelled at the little snow-ball chickens. Perhaps also it gave force and precision to his aim when he flung a stone after them. At any rate, the missile came skimming in among the scurrying cluster, and knocked down one of the smallest chickens, which had been running very fast across the road, and chirping at the top of its voice. Its brethren now continued their fleeing and piping, but it remained lying still and silent in the dust. The sight smote Johnny with compunctious dismay, which deepened as he picked it up, and felt how fluffly soft it was, and saw its absurd beak

finer than a thorn. He had not thrown the stone with murderous intent, for though he sincerely desired the absence of the family, their slaughter had never occurred to him as a means to that end. Again, he remembered having heard Maggie Ryan say to his mother that she hoped to goodness she might rear the whole clutch, an inspiration which could now never be fulfilled — "and she after often givin' him bits of cake, and bringin' home sugar-sticks from town."

These reflections, and not the wreckage of his railway, were uppermost in his mind as he sat on the grassy bank with the lifeless chicken held carefully. It seemed to throw a shadow over everything, although the May morning was still radiant, and the dandelions were glowing and blazing on the sod, like the suns in old engravings, all translated and transfigured. Presently he began to consider how he should best conceal his own rather large share in the tragedy, the revelation of which would, he thought, by no means mend matters. What seemed the simplest plan was to hide away the remains before his mother returned from the let it be supposed that the yellow wild fields and Maggie Ryan from town, and cat had had a privy paw in the affair. This would be merely a sequel to his former fiction, demanding no further imaginative efforts, an advantage, as Johnny did not from choice exercise his ingenuity in that way. He looked down into the tangle of weeds and briars at the bottom of the ditch, which did no doubt offer an obviously convenient sepulchre; but somehow he felt that he would hate to know it was lying there, and he paused irresolute on the brink of dropping it in. Just then his eye was caught by the furniture-van, which still stood with open door, while both its men were round in front working at the harness. Its black depths of darkness looked capable of keeping any secret confided to them, and the idea suddenly struck him that here was a chance of ridding himself effectually of all embarrassments connected with the presence of the little

dead bird. Whereupon he arose hastily, hobbled his swiftest, and was barely in time to thrust it as far as he could into the gloomy interior before the van-man came and banged the door. In another minute the clumsy, gaudy vehicle was crawling away between the hedges, taking with it the most urgent of Johnny's anxieties. This being removed, he settled down to the repair of his line, and soon became so deeply absorbed in it that he nearly forgot the late catastrophe and the trouble which the straying white hen with her diminished brood threatened to cause him in the future.

As for the yellow van, its depressed sorrel pair dragged it at length out of the many winding lanes, and drew up on the crunching gravel in front of Marine View Villa, which had a pinkish stucco face, and a mock ruin on the lawn. Pat Magennis, the driver's subordinate, let down the board and opened the door preparatory to unloading; but he was amazed in a small way, to see a tiny, round, white object emerge from the darkest corner, and come running towards the light with an interrogative chirp.

"Musha, good gracious! and what at all might *you* be offerin' to call yourself?" said Pat; "may I land anywhere if one of them white chickens there was skytin' about the place we stopped in the lane isn't after leppin' in and comin' along wid us."

"I wish they'd throuble themselves, thin, to keep their ould fowls and crathurs out of streelin' into *my* loads, where they're not wanted," said glumly the driver, who had started that day in a capacious temper. "Just chuck it down out of that, and be gettin' at them armchairs."

Pat obeyed this behest, with modifications, for he deposited the derelict chicken carefully under a rose-bush in a round, box-edged flower-bed. "Sure 'twas the quare notion took you to not be stoppin' paiceable in your own place," he said to it with some sternness; but the white chicken cocked its eye at him unabashed, and its self-confidence increased when he shook a

few bread-crumbs for it out of the red handkerchief which held his luncheon. He was so much interested in watching its meal that he did not turn away until bawled at by his chief to "lave foolin' there and be mindin' his business," when he had to take up the less congenial occupation of carrying about heavy furniture. The chicken, he thought, would surely have disappeared before he was free again; but having got through his tasks, he found it where he had left it, safe and brisk, and apparently not loth to be recaptured. By this time Gaffney, the driver's, bad temper had worsened to such an intolerable degree that Pat preferred a journey home, sitting uncomfortably with dangling legs on the board at the van door, to the alternative share of the front seat. The rather because he was now conveying the chicken in his breast pocket, whence its alert head protruded, and where it would, he knew, be made a theme of morose sarcasms by his grumpy companion. He half intended to bestow it upon his sister's small children when he got back; a prospect which might have caused its friends to bless its stars that it did not possess the faculty of looking before and after.

While the empty van proceeded with undulatory motion townwards, Mrs. Dowdall and Maggie Ryan on their way from field-work and marketing, fell in with one another at the end of the lane, and arrived home simultaneously. Johnny had forgotten all about them in a rapt attempt to mimic with bent twigs and the bottom of an old tin mug the marvellous revolving turn-table which he had once admired at the big Dublin terminus; but when he espied their two long-drawn shadows preceding them down the sunset-litten lane, his thoughts immediately reverted to the morning's mishap, and he glanced uneasily around in quest of the white hen. He was annoyed to see her approaching from the opposite direction, so that the loss would most likely soon be noticed. "There niver was such an ould crathur for comin' where she isn't wanted," he said to

himself, regarding her with the gaze of concentrated bitterness so commonly encountered by objects that manifest this unpopular propensity. Well for them if they can meet it with the serene indifference of Maggie Ryan's hen.

But Maggie's mind was evidently pre-occupied just then to the exclusion of concern about her poultry. She set down her old, broken-lidded basket on the bank, and began to grope among its contents with an air of exultant mystery. "Well, Johnny lad," she said; "them's great contrivances you've got there entirely, but I question now would you iver ha' put together the likes of that." So saying, she produced a toy tin railway carriage about two inches long, and handed it to Johnny. It was painted a strong green, picked out with scarlet, and might be considered a very brilliant and highly finished pennyworth. If Johnny's conscience had been clear, such a gift would have afforded him the liveliest pleasure, stirring his imagination to fresh delightful activity; as things were, however, there at once arose before him a piteous downy spectre, which poignantly upbraided him with the loss sustained at his hands by the bestower of such benefits. So he only turned scarlet, and stared dumbly at the carriage. The two women attributed his embarrassed silence to shyness and surprise. "'Deed now, ma'am, it was too good of you altogether to be thinkin' of him," said his mother; "sure, he's fairly took aback wid your kindness. Bad manners to you, Johnny, haven't you so much as a thank you at all?"

"Och, the crathur!" said Maggie Ryan deprecatingly. "Thy will it run along on the line for you, sonny."

Johnny set the toy on his twig-rails, and found that the wheels fitted as exactly as if the gauge had been made to suit them. This discovery excited him a little; yet in a moment his eyes wandered towards the neighboring thorn-clump behind which the hen had temporarily disappeared, to emerge presently at closer quarters. But be-

fore that happened, a much more imposing object arrived on the scene. Round the corner came the great mustard-colored van, in which he had laid his victim to find a vast and wandering grave. He watched it lumber up, and speculated as to whether the little white heap were still lying in the dark angle by the door. Then a more alarming surmise occurred to him. What if the van-men, enraged at the liberty taken with their vehicle, should have traced the deed to him, and would now stop and denounce it? The danger of this seemed to have passed harmlessly by, but it suddenly returned with a rush, for the man who had been sitting on the board at the door, slid hastily off his low seat, and came running back to the group at the bank. His first words, too, were ominous. "Might you happen to be missin' e'er a little white chicken?" he said.

"Not to my knowledge we didn't," Maggie Ryan began, but Pat interrupted her, as he caught sight of the hen and chickens, which by this time were close at hand.

"Bedad, yis; itself's the livin' moral of one of them," he said, "it must ha' hopped into us the time we was stoppin' here this mornin'. I'd a notion to bring it home wid me to the childher, but like enough 'twould only die on them, or else they might have it tore in pieces contendin' over it, and besides that it has the heart of me broke contrrollin' it from fluttherin' out of me ould pocket every minute of time." As he spoke, he extracted the chicken, and set it down on the ground, where it promptly rejoined its brethren, after which they all ran "through other" with such bewildering liveliness that in a moment or two no one could have confidently singled out the travelled member of the family.

"Why, throe for you," said Maggie Ryan, "one and one is two, and two is four—sure enough there'd be but nine widout it. Glory be to goodness now, to think of it settin' up to take off wid itself that way! I'd ha' been as sorry as anythin' to lose it, after me brother, poor man, disthressin' himself sendin'

himself there up to me from his bit of a place in the county Wicklow, along wid the clutch of eggs, to make a beginnin' like of a few fowls for me to be keepin'. And only a couple bad out of the whole dozen, and not a colored feather but white on a one of them."

The end of this statement was lost upon Pat Magennis, who had run off after the receding van.

"I dunno how they got strayin' out," Maggie continued, "but I'll put them up safe now at all events, before I wet me cup of tay. So good-night to you kindly, ma'am, and, Johnny, don't thravel away too far from us entirely on that grand line of rails." She went her way, driving in front of her the white hen and chickens, and Johnny, who had witnessed this resurrection with almost incredulous eyes, was left to gloat over his latest acquisition, no longer now poisoned for him by remorseful memories. It was not until the last glimmer of clearness had died out of the dusk that he shunted the new carriage into a siding by his truck, and withdrew lingeringly indoors.

At this point Johnny's light railway had reached the highest pitch of perfection to which it ever attained, and I wish I could append a report of continued prosperity. But that was not to be. An hour or so later, anybody who had happened to be abroad in the lane might have noticed a dimness steal over the stars to the south-eastward, until they turned from twinkling rosettes of light into the semblance of tarnished silver nails, and anon were vanished altogether as if they had dropped out of their holes. The drifts of vapor blowing in from the sea spread and thickened fast; the hedges began to rustle, and large raindrops made dark wafers dispersedly in the shimmering white dust on the road. Presently the night was all filled with the sound and scent of rain, driving and splashing and dripping. When the May morning broke, this downpour was over, and the clouds were lifting to widen a chink of glowing amber. But along the bank where Johnny's railway had run, a brisk little stream went rip-

pling, and the only trace of craftsmanship remaining there was the tin carriage, upset and lying on its side in the water.

Perhaps the ruin thus wrought sounds more deplorable than it in reality was. Of one thing we may feel certain: that an inventive child with ample puddles at his command, and no authorities present to enforce decrees against dabbling, would never, in the longest day, find himself stunted of congenial occupation — our most unalloyed boon. The white hen, too, and her family had again escaped, and were thoroughly enjoying themselves on the track of many small black and fawn-colored slugs, which the wet grass had tempted forth. And if these latter were not quite happy under the turn affairs were taking, it is clearly impossible to satisfy all parties, and when discontent is confined to things which slimily creep and crawl, we may hope that it has been reduced to its very lowest power. JANE BARLOW.

From The London Quarterly Review.
FRANCIS THOMPSON: A STUDY IN
TEMPERAMENT.¹

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON has had a good deal against him. It is no advantage to a man nowadays to be labelled "New Poet." Even diamonds would lose in public estimation if they were as common as Welsh agates; and the world of readers has been called so often of late to hail the advent of another genius, that one begins to rate these phenomena as the Javanese do their earthquakes. It would not be a matter to flutter the dovecoats of criticism that another minor bard should be added to Mr. Traill's sixty; and even the outward form, charming as it is, in which Mr. Thompson's collected verses have been brought before the public, suggests associations which, to some minds at least, are not altogether hopeful.

It does not follow, of course, that

because a book is agreeable to the eye it can have nothing to say to the soul; wide margins do not, in themselves, imply dilettantism, or quaint title-pages affectation. Still this *recherché* livery has become, to a certain extent, significant of the poetical output of the day; it calls up the vision of an art, facile, elegant, curious, but too often lacking the appealing touch that makes the whole world kin; the voice of the deep human soul calling unto its kindred deeps. "Another word-juggler," one is tempted to say, picking up the slim volume which represents Mr. Thompson's poetic achievement hitherto; "another aspirant to the distinction of being laboriously trivial in a new way. We have enough of such."

And if, conquering the impulse which besets the literary conservative whose standpoint we adopt for the time being, to toss the "New Poet" back to his presumed fellows, and take down once more the pencil-scored Wordsworth or Keats of his affections, he scans with compelled attention these spacious pages, where "a rivulet of print meanders through a meadow of margin," the first impression is hardly more encouraging. Quaint conceits in the Elizabethan taste, that suit no better with the passionate modernity of the poet's work than Lord Burleigh's ruff with the evening costume of to-day, strange Latinisms that march through his pages like the "heavy beasts" in Haydn's "Creation," tortured inversions, and sudden, singular lapses of rhythm — all these difficulties meet him on the threshold.

There is a remarkable uncertainty and inequality of workmanship about these poems. They show little trace of that mastery of material, that clear perception of the end to be attained, and the means of attaining it, which marks the skilled literary craftsman. When Mr. Thompson succeeds, you catch the "native woodnote wild" of a happy inspiration — a "fluke" of genius, one would say, if the expression were permissible. Where he fails, he welters in a clumsy chaos of hopeless unintelligibility, compared with which

¹ Poems. By Francis Thompson. London: Elkin Mathews & Lane. 5s.

the effusions of Browning in his most cryptic moods are lucidity itself; for Browning, it may fairly be presumed, had some definite mental conception which he intended to convey; but, with all the desire in the world to be charitable, we cannot always grant even this to Mr. Thompson. The genius must indeed be unique and undeniable which can triumph over such defects as these, which can charm the irritated reader into respect and interest, and take "with all its imperfections on its head," an ever-stronger hold on those who have once yielded to its influence.

Yes, in spite of all, one is fascinated by that "large accent" which is the index of an earnest soul. Here are no idle flutings "of an empty day;" the throbbing violoncello note, rough and uncertain though it be, arrests and holds you captive; you hear the voice of one who has striven "to look into the life of things." Soaring aspiration, intense spiritual passion, a constant preoccupation with the great problems of the inward life—all this helps to lift Mr. Thompson's work, with all its faults, clear out of the category of ordinary verse; for though weight and seriousness of purpose do not by themselves make a poet, they never fail, when co-existing with the poetic gift, to refine and exalt it. That seriousness which Matthew Arnold noted as one leading characteristic of great art is very marked in Mr. Thompson's writing; so also is his keen susceptibility to sense impressions, particularly those of color. One source of his distinction as a poet is the union (in which he reminds one of Milton and Spenser) of the Puritan *ethos* and the artist temperament. The poppy that comes from the grass "like a yawn of fire;" the silver fin of a fish as it flashes through deep water; the troubled grey lights of morning; "the butterfly sunsets;" the young May moon, "flying up with its slender, white wings spread" out of its ocean nest—these are a few instances, taken at random, of that instinctive delight in color, as such, which makes a con-

tinual feast for those who possess it, even out of such scant material as a yellow dandelion in the grass. In his love of golds, reds, and browns he is almost Venetian. Take this picture of autumn to witness:—

Suffer my singing,
Gypsy of seasons, ere thou go winging;
Ere winter throws
His slaking snows
In thy feasting-flagon's impurpate glows!
With hair that musters,
In globèd clusters,
In tumbling clusters, like swarthy grapes,
Round thy brow and thine ears o'ershaden;
With the burning darkness of eyes like
pansies,
Like velvet pansies,
Wherethrough escapes
The splendid might of thy confligate fan-
cies;
With robe gold-tawny, not hiding the
shapes
Of the feet whereunto it falleth down,
Thy naked feet unsandallèd;
With robe gold-tawny that does not veil
Feet where the red
Is meshed in the brown,
Like a rubied sun in a Venice sail.

Where this highly colored and concrete style is applied, as in the remarkable poem called "The Hound of Heaven" to a subject of deep and mystic significance, one is reminded not so much of anything in literature as of one of the great frescoes of Tintoret—say the drift of radiant souls in the "Paradiso," swept up to the steps of the throne in a common ecstasy of adoration, with the wind of impetuous movement in their floating robes and hair. The same swift, passionate impulse, the same Venetian glow of coloring, various and splendid, breathes and burns in his portrayal of the soul's pursuit and surrender. Other poems of his may show an equal pomp of imagination and swing of rhythm; others may reveal a spiritual insight deeper and more delicate; but in the unity and force of the total effect it stands alone. He who wrote it merits surely that we should attempt to look a little closely into the nature of his powers and the course of their development.

It may help us in discovering what it

is that gives so individual an accent to his work, if we compare him for a moment with that Caroline bard in whom many have professed to find his prototype. The analogy between Crashaw and Thompson lies on the surface — both belonging to the same religious communion, both being men of strong devotional feeling and considerable power of poetic expression, both sensible, to a degree seldom met with, to the charm of a high and pure friendship with a noble woman. That the modern poet has been influenced by Crashaw to the extent of adopting a few mannerisms, such as "mortal mine," and "auspicious you," which he otherwise might have spared us, seems clear enough; and the method of such pieces as "Her Portrait," or "Gilded Gold," may owe a little to the author of the epistle to the Countess of Denbigh. But if we put aside such surface affectations, how great a gulf is fixed between the placid Cambridge student of the Stuart age and our own poet's fiery and unquiet heart.

Here is the portrait of Richard Crashaw painted for posterity by his bosom-friend: —

We style his sacred poems "Steps to the Temple," and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under his wing, he lived his life in St. Mary's Church, near St. Peter's College; there he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallows near the house of God; there he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these poems — steps for happy souls to climb heaven by.

Like an echo of Bemerton Church bells, or a chant from the oratory of Little Gidding, this extract lifts one into that atmosphere of calm and simple isolation, so suffused with the sunshine of love as to seem almost unaware of the struggle and sin of the world about them, in which such saints as Ferrars, Vaughan, and Herbert had their being, and which the author of "John Inglesant" has reconstituted with such marvellous insight and skill. The prevailing tone of Crashaw's reli-

gious verse is radiantly serene. He is constantly "drawn out," as our fathers would have said, in ecstasies of divine contemplation. He knows nothing of the sudden, subtle returns upon self, the deep-seated strife and bitterness, the anguished introspection of the modern poet. His sweet notes — somewhat too lusciously sweet to fit our present canons of taste — have nothing in common with the wild and melancholy music, that rolls and mutters like a surging tide. In reading Thompson's verse, one thinks of the words, "There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet." One might as fitly compare David's swallow of the altar to a stormy petrel, as that religious and tender recluse, Richard Crashaw, to the moody, sombre, passionate spirit who wrote "The Hound of Heaven."

A certain swift audacity of phrase, a charming freedom and liquidity of movement are common, in their best moments, to both. Of the two, the elder poet's inspiration is the more equable and sustained. He never approaches the bogs of bathos in which Mr. Thompson occasionally wallows; but, on the other hand, where does he strike a chord so intimate, so thrilling, so charged with the poignant pathos of human things, as is touched in the "Lines to an Old Yew," and to "His Lady's Portrait in Youth," or in the poem called "Daisy"?

Crashaw's poems to women, dainty as they are, are no more than graceful and curious specimens of clerical compliment. The gift of a Prayer-book, the invitation to lead a religious life, sound oddly when wrapped up in the labored and artificial diction which the manners of the times prescribed towards noble ladies. He writes of love and beauty, sweetly and innocently as his friend claims for him, but always in the florid Renaissance style, the recognized literary convention of the day. One might imagine that he had never seen the "not impossible She." A sincere passion would surely have taught him an accent more heartfelt and more natural.

How different, how fully pulsing

with the intensest life of the spirit, are the poems which Francis Thompson has dedicated to his unnamed Lady and Muse. Never since Dante wrote the "*Vita Nuova*" was any woman praised so — with equal reticence, with equal ardor : —

How should I gauge what beauty is her
dole,
Who cannot see her countenance for her
soul ;
As birds see not the casement for the sky ?
And as 'tis check they prove its presence
by,
I know not of her body till I find
My flight debarred the heaven of her mind.
Hers is the face whence all should copied
be,
Did God make replicas of such as she ;
Its presence felt by what it doth abate,
Because the soul shines through, tempered
and mitigate :
Where — as a figure laboring at night
Beside the body of a splendid light —
Dark Time works hidden by its luminous-
ness ;
And every line he labors to impress
Turns added beauty, like the veins that
run
Athwart a leaf that hangs against the sun.

We can only conjecture the nature of the spiritual crisis in which this rescuing vision swept across his path. One cannot but think of Dante treasuring through life that one passing salutation of his lady, in whose smile he read the revelation of things unspeakable and till then unimagined ; or of the noble-hearted priest, in the "*Ring and the Book*," pining in the enforced frivolity of his life till the beauty of holiness is revealed to him in the symbol of perfect womanhood ; and with an instinctive obedience to the heavenly vision, he bows and is blest. It is in this spirit that our poet exhorts her, who has taught him the meaning and the glory of the higher life, to be true to her own best self, lest through her failure his faith in good, entwined as it is with faith in her, should suffer shipwreck : —

Like to a windsown sapling grow I from
The clift, Sweet, of your skyward-jetting
soul, —
Shook by all gusts that sweep it, overcome

By all its clouds incumbent. O, be true
To your soul, dearest, as my life to you !
For if that soul grow sterile, then the whole
Of me must shrivel, from the topmost shoot
Of climbing poesy, and my life, killed
through,

Dry down and perish, to the foodless root.

It is not a normal nature which can thus nourish the white flame of exalted and passionate friendship ; accepting as "the only love the stars allow him," this visionary devotion, so far removed from "human nature's daily food." He who breathes habitually the fine air on this exalted plane of feeling, could never have been a contented dweller on the ordinary levels of life.

"There are certain fancies which have come to me sometimes," says Ibsen's Brand, "which have always struck me as supremely ridiculous — that of an owl, afraid of the dark, and of a fish with hydrophobia." That relentless analyst of human nature has laid his finger on a temperamental defect, due, partly, no doubt, to the ruinous strain and pressure of modern life, and of which Mr. Thompson's poems afford more than one striking illustration, the lack, namely, of that healthy callousness, which is necessary for useful living, in a world where to live means not merely to suffer, but to witness suffering. Ibsen's hero has nothing but contempt for those — surely of all men most pitiable — who are cursed from their birth with a morbid sensibility to pain, not their own merely but that of all created things ; those for whom one cry of an infant, tortured by a baby-farmer in a London slum, would silence utterly all the joyful voices of nature and blot out the sun. Such men cannot say to themselves : —

Good is as hundred, evil as one.

As to the prince in the fairy-tale, who could hear the grass grow at his feet, the earth's lamentation and ancient tale of wrong comes to their ears, not like a distant murmur or a saddening undertone, but so loudly and insistently as to drown all other sounds. The slightest circumstance is sufficient

to lead them back to their deep-seated grievance against the order of things. So seeming-trivial a thing as a good-bye spoken to a child-friend, calls up to our poet's sympathetic consciousness the anguish of partings all the world over, the evanescence of human joy, the inevitable linking of pain with pleasure, so that wherever we turn we feel the stern pressure of the destiny that set us here to suffer : —

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan ;
For we are born in others' pain,
And perish in our own.

With the same morbid intensity of feeling, too keen for life on ordinary levels of human fellowship and daily duty, he dwells on the awful solitariness of every human soul, a prisoner in its own personality, of which God alone keeps the key : —

Even so, even so, in undreamed strife
With pulseless Law, the wife, —

The sweetest wife on sweetest marriage
day, —

Their souls at grapple in mid-way,
Sweet to her sweet may say :

" I take you to my inmost heart, my true !"
Ah fool ! but there is one heart you
Shall never take him to !

The hold that falls not when the town is
got,

The heart's heart, whose immured plot
Hath keys yourself keep not !

Its gates are deaf to Love, high summoner ;
Yea, Love's great warrant runs not there :
You are your prisoner.

Yourself are with yourself the sole con-
sortress

In that unleaguerable fortress ;
It knows not you for portress.

Its keys are at the cincture hung of God ;
Its gates are trepidant to His nod ;
By Him its floors are trod.

And if His feet shall rock those floors in
wrath,

Or blest aspersion sleek His path,
Is only choice it hat.

Yea, in that ultimate heart's occult abode
To lie as in an oubliette of God,
Or as a bower untrod,

Built by a secret Lover for His Spouse ;
Sole choice is this your life allows,
Sad tree, whose perishing boughs
So few birds house !

On a soul thus burdened with a sense of the loneliness of life and the mystery of pain, the thought of death and all the sad attendant humiliations of our morality fasten with a fatal intensity. Like some old German painters, he is ever haunted by the phantom of the " Danse Macabre," the triumph of dissolution : —

Life is a coquetry
Of Death, which wearies me,
Too sure
Of the amour ;

A tiring-room where I
Death's divers garments try,
Till fit
Some fashion sit.

With secret sympathy
My thoughts repeat in me
Infirm,
The turn o' the worm

Beneath my appointed sod ;
The grave is in my blood ;
I shake
To winds that take

Its grasses by the top ;
The rains thereon that drop
Perturb
With drip acerb

My subtly answering soul ;
The feet across its knoll
Do jar
Me from afar.

As sap foretastes the spring ;
As earth ere blossoming
Thrills
With far daffodils,

And feels her breast turn sweet
With the unconceived wheat ;
So doth
My flesh foreloathe

The abhorred spring of Dis,
With seething presciences
Affirm
The preparate worm.

We might say of all this, almost in the words of Lady Macbeth : —

These things must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

And indeed there is but one way of escape for such a nature as the one we are now considering — craving delight, as every poet of his nature is bound to do ; “thirsting,” like the young Romola, “for a deep draught of joy ;” and yet, with a passionate longing for what is vital, true and eternally satisfying, which only he who has implanted it can still. Souls of this stamp may end in madness like Blake, or they may plunge into cynicism and “wretchedness of unclean living” like Poe, or Heine, or De Musset ; or, like St. Augustine, they may come at last through much tribulation to rest in the end of all longing, the sanctifier of all pain.

Inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te.

This deep saying of the great African saint might have served as motto to “The Hound of Heaven,” which is nothing less than a passage of spiritual autobiography. The first few lines, concise and passionate, display the argument of the poem ; the blind, futile effort of the soul to make and shape for itself an earthly rest, the strong patience of infinite love that seeks until it finds, and follows till it wins : —

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days ;

I fled Him, down the arches of the years ;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind ; and in the midst of tears

I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes I sped ;
And shot, precipitated

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat — and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet —

“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

Vainly the poet-heart seeks satisfaction in the common human charities of hearth and home. Vainly he pleads by the curtained lattice of heart after heart, athirst for that sufficient sympathy, that perfect companionship, of which we have all dreamt, but which is given to few below, lest, having it, we should cease to look beyond and above : —

If some little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.

At last, through disappointment and denial, he learns to accept his solitary lot : —

I sought no more that, after which I strayed,

In face of man or maid ;

But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me !

I turned me to them very wistfully ;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.

It is the same experience of defeat and disillusion which meets us in one of the most subtle and suggestive religious allegories of our own or any age — Tennyson's “Holy Grail.” There, too, one who has heard the voice that no true heart once hearing can deny or mistake, shrinks from the absolute self-surrender that eternal love demands, and builds himself refuge after refuge in wealth, in honor, in domestic love, only to find, time after time, the bitter experience renewed : —

Also this

Fell into dust, and I was left alone
And wearying in a land of sand and thorns.

But our poet has still another hope. Man has failed him ; he will turn to nature. In the arms of the mighty mother he will find at least forgetfulness of his pain : —

I knew all the swift importings

On the wilful face of skies ;

I was heavy with the even,

When she lit her glimmering tapers

Round the day's dead sanctities.

I laughed in the morning's eyes.

I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,

Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine.

But not by that, by that was eased my human smart.

The sternest disillusion is yet to come. Hitherto, whatever else has failed him, he has had the fairy realm of phantasy to enter at will. Whenever the hard facts of life have pressed upon him he has been able, like the great discoverer, to "call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old." But now descends upon him the Nemesis which waits on those who indulge overmuch in those delights of the imagination which were given us for our solace, but not for our stay. The dream-tissue in which he has decked his life drops away, and he sees it as it is.

Naked I wait thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,

And smitten me to my knee;
I stand amid the dust o' the moulded years,—

My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.

My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,

Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist.

Nor is this all. Defenceless as he is, he feels hanging over him the imminent presence, the awful reality of that mysterious change, which it is not in mortal man to contemplate unmoved. The shadow of Death is over him; the pains of Hades take hold upon him.

I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity,
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again;

But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned,

His name I know and what his trumpet saith.

Not Pascal himself has expressed

with greater intensity of conviction the isolation, the misery, the shivering stripped insignificance of the helpless human spirit in face of the mysteries of life and death. What follows would only be weakened by comment. It should be read with the heart.

Now of that long pursuit,
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That voice is round me like a bursting sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!"

"Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught"
(He said)

"And human love needs human meriting:
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?"

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from Thee, who dravest Me!"

We shall not quote the "Lines to the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," the austere and concentrated intensity of which is so strained as to become morbid and repulsive, and in which he compares the struggles and self-denials of the lover of art with all that must be endured and done to win the crown of saintship; and sadly questions with himself whether the end of all that toil will be to place the poet with those who sought only their earthly pleasure, unstirred by his vast desires and glorious aspirations.

The two strains of feeling, the æsthetic and the ascetic, seem never to have been thoroughly commingled in this poet. One might imagine him finally solving the problem like the Florentine artist, who was so deeply moved by Savonarola's preaching, that he brought brushes and canvas and flung them, with all his artist dreams, into the blazing bonfire of vanities in an ecstasy of renunciation.

But can this intense and earnest spirit ever unbend? Yes, surely; though even in his lighter moods he never quite loses his wistfulness of accent. Those who would know him at his airiest and daintiest should read the "Carrier-Song," which, with all its flaws of workmanship, has the rapid and liquid movement of an Elizabethan lyric. Very charming also is the "Dedication" to Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, with which he prefaces his collected poems. It is pleasant to find how fair and gracious a part has been played, by one who is perhaps the most distinguished and delicate artist among the women writers of the day, in developing the undisciplined genius of the poet who thus voices his thanks:—

If the rose in meek duty
May dedicate humbly
To the grower the beauty
Wherewith she is comely,
If the mine to the miner,
The jewels that pined in it;
Earth to diviner
The springs he divined in it,
If the hid and sealed coffer,
Whose having not his is,
To the losers may proffer
Their finding—here this is;
Their lives if all lives
To the life of all living,
To you, O, dear givers!
I give your own giving.

It is sufficiently obvious, from the extracts we have given, that Mr. Thompson has much to learn in the art and mystery of his craft. Whether he will ever learn it is another matter. One may doubt whether his most striking deficiency is one that can be supplied by any voluntary effort. The lack of taste and of a fine sense of fitness, which is often painfully apparent in his work, and which reaches its climax in the poem called "The Making of Viola," can hardly be remedied by effort and study. Still, we may fairly hope that by weeding out his offensive Latinisms and paying more attention to the structure of his sentences he may remove these obvious blemishes on his work, which distress his most sincere admirers and give just occasion for

critical severity. After all, the question to ask about any new poet is not "Is he faultless?" but "Has he depth, music, originality, the sacred fire, in short, in the glow of which all minor defects seem pardonable?" And even those whose sympathies are rather with the lucid and balanced perfection of Arnold and Tennyson, than with songs of wilder measure and more erratic inspiration, will hardly fail, if they are candid, to own in Francis Thompson a genius of unique and intimate charm—a rare, if not a great, poet.

From The Fortnightly Review.

AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE IN PARIS.

OF all the millions of visitors who throng into Paris, how few attempt to learn anything about the history of the venerable city, which they treat as if it were a summer watering-place or a fashionable lounge. These very same people, when they go on to Venice, Florence, or Rome, devote themselves with zeal to the ancient buildings, to the historical associations, and to the local art of these beautiful remnants of antiquity. At least, the more cultivated section of travellers ransack the churches, dive into ruins, listen to learned disquisitions, and profess for a time quite a passion for antiquarian research, and for any fragment of historic survival which their guides, ciceroni, and books of travel can point out. There is for Paris no Ruskin, no Browning, no Lanciani, or Hawthorne.

Yet Paris was a famous and cultivated city ages before Venice; its history is far richer and older and more instructive than that of Florence; it has more remnants of mediæval art, and even a deeper mediæval interest than Rome itself. And if we search for them we may find in it historical associations that may vie with those of any city in the world except Rome and Constantinople; and even its antiquarian and artistic remains are seldom equalled or surpassed. At Rome, Florence, or Venice, the tourist talks

of old churches, palaces, and remains ; at Paris he gives himself up to the boulevards, the theatres, shops, and races. The profoundly instructive history, the profuse antiquarian remains of the great city, are forgotten — *carent quia vate sacro*.

No doubt there is fascination on the boulevards ; and the miles of luxurious places that the Vanity Fair of Europe offers to the pilgrim form a huge screen behind which the busy pleasure-seeker has no inclination to penetrate. He stares at Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, plods through the long gallery of the Louvre, sees the tomb of Napoleon and Versailles, and is then ready for the Bois, the opera, or Durand. But any cultivated traveller, who chose to make a study of Paris with the same historical interest and love of art that he takes to the cities of Italy, would find inexhaustible material for thought. The minor historical remains of Paris do not lie so much *en evidence* as the Ducal Palace, the Palazzo Vecchio, or the Coliseum, and no one pretends that any of them have the charm and eternal interest of these. But they are easy enough to find, and not very difficult to disentangle from later accretions. On the other hand, the books, drawings, and illustrations, by the help of which they may be studied, are more complete and numerous than they are for any other city but Rome. It is true that old Paris is not so imposing a city as old Rome. It has suffered much more mutilation, disfigurement, and modernization than old Venice, or old Florence. But then it is a much more accessible and familiar place, and, Rome and Constantinople apart, its historical associations are second to none in Europe.

It is worth noting that Paris is now, in 1894, at last complete and practically uniform as a city, and this can hardly be said of it at any moment before, in all the four hundred years since Louis XII. Down to the reign of this gallant king, Paris remained very much what it had been since Charles V. and the English wars, a vast feudal for-

tress with walls, moats, gate-towers, and draw-bridges, immense castles within the city having lofty machicolated towers, narrow, winding, gloomy lanes, and one or two bridges crowded with wooden houses. There were two or three enormous royal castles, on the scale and in the general plan of the Tower of London, an almost countless number of beautiful Gothic churches, chapels, and oratories, one moderate-sized open place, the Place de Grève, and two or three very small and irregular open spaces, such as the Parvis de Notre Dame or the Place Maubert, some cemeteries, markets, and fountains, of a kind to make the sanitary reformer shudder, in the most densely crowded quarters ; and then, all over the packed area within the walls, rose huge fortresses of great lords, and monastic domains, each covering many acres with gardens, cemeteries, halls, and sick-houses, all strongly defended by crenellated towers, portcullis, and bartizan. A miniature city of the kind may still be seen entire in some of the remote mountain districts of Italy and Germany.

But about the time of Louis XII., and early in the sixteenth century, the Renaissance arose with new architecture ; and the arts of modern life began to take the place of the mediæval life. Castles were transmuted into palaces, towers and battlemented walls began to fall, the Italian taste for terraces, colonnades, domes, and square courts slowly drove out the gothic fortress, and first the Hôtel de Ville, then the original part of the Louvre, then the Tuileries, then Luxembourg, arose in the course of a century ; until, in the middle of the seventeenth century, Louis XIV., the great destroyer, builder, transformer of Paris, began to make the city something like what it was within the memory of living men. But during the two hundred years that separate François I. from Louis XIV., the transformation went on very gradually, so that even when Henri IV. had completed his work on the Louvre and the Tuileries, lofty feudal towers still frowned down on Palladian pal-

aces, and gigantic mediæval convents or fortresses crowded out the new streets, the Italian hôtels, and even the royal mansions.

For three centuries the battle raged between the old castellated buildings and the modern palatial style, and the result was a strange and unsightly confusion. By the end of the last century Paris had almost acquired a modern aspect, but Louis XVI., and then Napoleon, and after him the Restoration, undertook new works on a vast scale, which none of them ever completed. The Second Empire, in 1852, began the most gigantic and ruthless schemes of transformation ever attempted in any great city. Mighty boulevards were driven backwards and forwards from barrier to barrier; whole quarters of the old city were cleared; and Haussmann ruled supreme, like Satan in Pandemonium, thirsting for new worlds to conquer, and resolute to storm Heaven itself. The Empire fell in the great war of 1870, whilst many of these ambitious schemes were half-finished, and whilst Paris was still covered with the dust of the insatiable *démolisseur*.

After the war of 1870 came the Commune and second Siege of Paris in 1871; and in this perished Tuileries Palace, Hôtel de Ville, many ministries and public buildings, with whole streets and blocks of houses. The havoc of 1871, and the gigantic schemes bequeathed to the Republic by the Empire have only just now been made good, after some twenty-three years of incessant work. Few new schemes of reconstruction have been undertaken by the Republic, which has had enough to do to repair the ravages of civil war and to complete the grandiose avenues of Haussmann. The result is that Paris at last looks like a city *finished* by its builders—and built on an organic, consistent, harmonious, and modern scheme. For some four hundred years, it has always looked more or less like a city in the act of building, or in course of transformation.

Those who will go and look at M. Hoffbauer's ingenious panoramic picture of Paris, as it appeared in 1588,

now in the Musée Carnavalet, and will study his other drawings there, or in his great work, "*Paris à travers les âges*," who will follow out the series of contemporary views of old Paris from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, now in the Municipal Museum, may easily get a clear idea of this prolonged and extraordinary process of transformation, by which, throughout Europe, the cities of the mediæval world very slowly, and bit by bit, arrayed themselves in the forms and arts of the modern world. This study must have peculiar interest for American travellers, because their own continent presents them with hardly any examples of this process. Their magnificent cities have been built direct from the prairie with modern conceptions of art and of life, and with no other conceptions. But in Europe this very laborious and complex evolution has required four stormy centuries to work through. Now it is true that the mediæval plan, type, and architecture are not so visible in Paris as in London, Rouen, Cologne, Prague, or Florence; yet in Paris the modernization of the mediæval plan has been far more trenchant and is more instructive to the transatlantic student.

To the antiquarian it is painful to reflect how many beautiful and historic remnants of old Paris have been swept away within living memory, or at least within the present century. The two empires have been perhaps the most cruel enemies of mediæval architecture. In M. Guilhermy's pleasant book, "*Itinéraire Archéologique de Paris*," 1855, there is a plan of Paris showing the ancient monuments by Roguet, in which some two hundred buildings, anterior to Louis XIV., are marked. How many of these have disappeared; a large proportion of them since 1852! The new boulevard St. Germain is a magnificent thoroughfare; so is the Boulevard St. Michel, and the Rue Monge, and the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, but what a holocaust of old churches, and convents, historic colleges, refectories, halls, towers, and gateways, has been made

in the forming them ! What exquisite traceries of the thirteenth century, what pathetic ruins of statues and portals have been carted away to make a Boulevard de Sebastopol, a Rue de Rivoli, and the new edifices in the island *cité* ! In my own memory, St. Jean de Latran, St Benoit, the Bernardins, the Collège de Beauvais, have gone, and the tower of St. Jacques, and the façade of Notre Dame, have been "restored" out of all knowledge. It is quite true that Paris required new streets, new halls, new colleges, hospitals, barracks, and open spaces. These had to be ; but it must be admitted that the *démolisseur* has been a little rough and unsympathetic.

It is an idle occupation for the æsthetic foreigner to grumble when he knows nothing of the practical necessities and the every-day facts which are thrust into the face of the inhabitant. A much more sensible line is open to the tourist to-day, if he will try to find out for himself what still remains to be seen. Not one traveller in a hundred ever goes near the beautiful Hôtel Carnavalet or has explored all the vaults, traceries, and columns of the Conciergerie, or has unearthed that curious and noble fragment of the twelfth century, the Church of St. Julien le Pauvre, formerly attached to the Hôtel Dieu, and now buried in some back streets. It may compare with the Chapel of St. John in our Tower of London, though it is somewhat later in date. Few care to search for the Hôtel de Sens, and the old staircase and tower of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Fragments of two famous convents remain embedded in modern structures. The Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, in the Rue St. Martin, occupies the site of the venerable and vast abbey of St. Martin des Champs ; and it has incorporated within its immense range of buildings, both the church and the refectory of the abbey, beautiful remains of the best thirteenth-century work. And so the refectory of the Cordeliers monks, the scene of the Cordelier Club in the Revolution, which has rung with the big voice of

Danton and the eager periods of Camille Desmoulins, is still visible as the Musée Dupuytren, attached to the Ecole de Médecine. Its gruesome contents need not deter men from visiting one of the most interesting historical remains in Paris.

A real history of the city of Paris would prove to be one of the most instructive episodes to which the student of manners and art in Europe from the time of the Crusades could possibly devote his attention. And although some cities in Italy present more vivid and fascinating periods or examples, there is perhaps no other city in Europe where the *continuity* of modern civilization for at least seven centuries can be traced so fully in its visible record. From the time of Louis the Stout, A.D. 1108, Paris has been the rich and powerful metropolis of a rich and enlarging State ; and from that day to this there is hardly a single decade which has not left some fragment or other of its work for our eyes. The history of each of its great foundations, civil and ecclesiastical, would fill a volume, and indeed almost every one of them has had many volumes devoted to its gradual development or final disappearance and transformation to modern uses.

The history of the cathedral of Notre Dame, from the laying of the first stone by Pope Alexander III., in the age of our Henry II. and Becket, down to the final "restoration" by M. Viollet-le-Duc, and the history of all its *annexes* and *dependences*, Archevêché, Hôtel Dieu, together with an exact account of all its carvings, glass, reliefs, etc., etc., would be a history of art in itself. The same would be true if one followed out the history of the foundations of St. Germain des Près, of St. Victor, of St. Martin des Champs, of the Temple, and of St. Geneviève. Two or three of these enormous domains would together occupy a space equal to the whole area of the original *cité*. They contained magnificent churches, halls, libraries, refectories, and other buildings, and down to the last century were more or less in a state of fair preservation or active ex-

istence. Of them all it seems that St. Victor, on the site of the Halle aux Vins, and the Temple, on the site of the square of that name, have entirely disappeared. But of the others interesting parts still remain. Of the eleven great abbeys, and twenty minor convents which Paris still had at the Revolution, none remain complete, and the great majority have left nothing but names to the new streets.¹

It would be no less instructive to follow up the history of the great civil edifices, the Hôtel de Ville, the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Cluny, the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, the Palais de Justice. Of these, of course the most notable are the transformation and gradual enlargement of the Hôtel de Ville, the Louvre, and Tuileries, and the Palais de Justice, including in that the Conciergerie and all the subordinate buildings of the old palace of the kings, which occupied the western end of the original island *cité*. The learning, the ingenuity, the art which have gone to build up the Hôtel de Ville of to-day out of the exquisite *pavillon* that was designed under François I., form a real chapter in the history of European architecture, as the story of the Town Hall for nearly four centuries is the heart of the history of Paris. But even this is surpassed by the history of the Louvre and its final consolidation with the Tuileries, an operation of which the difficulties were much less successfully overcome. The entire mass of buildings, the most elaborate and ambitious of modern construction in Europe, is an extraordinary *tour de force* which provokes incessant study, even when it fails to satisfy very critical examination.

Those who can remember Paris before the Second Empire of 1852 have seen not a few quarters of the city much in the state in which they were at the Revolution, and even in the days of the Grand Monarque. The sky-line

was infinitely broken and varied, instead of being a geometric and uniform line of cornice, as we now for the most part observe it. And the streets had a frontage-line as irregular as the skyline; they went meandering about or gently swaying to and fro, in a highly picturesque and inconvenient line. There was hardly a single street with a strictly geometric straight line in all Paris down to the First Empire. Now the ground plan of Paris looks as if an autocrat had laid it out in equal parallelograms from an open plain. What old Paris was down to the end of the last century we may gather from bits of Silvestre, Chastillon, Méryon, Martial, Gavarni, and others; but not much of it can still be seen extant.

If the curious traveller would follow up the Rue St. Denis or the Rue St. Martin, two of the oldest streets in Europe, from their intersection by the Rue de Rivoli to the circular boulevard, where they are terminated by the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin respectively, he would get some idea of the look of Paris at the Revolution of 1789. The grand new Boulevard de Sebastopol, one of Haussmann's boldest and perhaps most useful creations, opens a vast thoroughfare between the old streets of St. Denis and St. Martin, and by diverting the traffic, has no doubt prevented or delayed their transformation. Hence these two streets, which date from the earliest age of the city, have partially retained their original lines, when they were country lanes through woods and meadows, and to some extent they keep their old sky-line and façade. There are corners in them still where the old street aspect of Paris may be seen almost intact. And the student of antiquities who cared to follow up the remnants of these mediæval thoroughfares in the spirit in which he explores the canals of Venice and the *vicoli* of Florence, who would trace back the history of St. Jacques and St. Merri, St. Leu, St. Nicolas des Champs, the Place des Innocents, and the vast convent of St. Martin, all of which he would meet in his walk, would have a

¹ A useful account of these foundations and remains has recently appeared. "The Churches of Paris, from Clovis to Charles X.," by Sophia Beale, with illustrations by the author. London, 1893.

most suggestive insight into the mediæval state of the city. And it would be well to add to the walk by following up such streets as those of Rue Vieille du Temple, Rue des Francs Bourgeois, and its collateral streets, with the Hôtels Barbette, De Béthune, De Soubise, and Carnavalet, ending with the old Place Royale. A few days thus spent, with adequate histories such as those of Guilhaume, Fournier, Viollet-le-Duc, Dulaure, Hamerton, Lacroix, Hoffbauer, or the popular guides of Miss Beale, Hare, or Joanne, would be rewarded by pleasure and instruction.

To the thoughtful traveller the question is continually presenting itself, if the wonderful transformation which Paris has undergone in three centuries, and especially in the last half of the present century, has been a success on the balance of loss and gain; if it might have been better done; if it could not have been done without such evident signs of autocratic imperialism and gigantic jobbery. The enthusiastic admirers of Paris as it is, and the irreconcilable mourners over Paris as it was, are alike somewhat unreasonable. One need hardly waste a thought upon the triflers to whom the great city is a mere centre of luxury, excitement, and pleasure, given up to clothes, food, and spectacles. But the superior spirits whom the modernization of Paris in the present century afflicts or disgusts are hardly less open to the charge of impracticable pedantry. The Revolution found Paris as unwholesome, as inconvenient, as ill-ordered, as obsolete, as inorganic a survival from mediæval confusion as any city in Europe. It boasts to-day that it is the most brilliant, the best ordered, the most artistic city of men, and one of the most sanitary and convenient for civilized life. And no reasonable man can deny that the substantial part of this boast is just.

The primary business of great cities is to be centres where masses of men can live healthy and pleasant lives, where their day's work can be carried on with the minimum of waste and friction, and where their spirits may be constantly stirred by grand and enno-

bling monuments. Now a mediæval city, though crowded with beautiful and impressive objects at every corner, was charged with disease, discomfort, and impediments. It choked and oppressed men's daily life to such a point that, about the sixteenth century, a violent reaction against the mediæval type set in. And when this began, the civil and religious institutions of the Middle Ages had fallen into decay, had ceased to be of use or to command respect, whilst their ruins or their disfigured carcasses encumbered the ground. The Monarchy led the way in the revolt and the inauguration of the new city; the Revolution and the Empire added to the work of destruction and renovation with tremendous rapidity and resistless force. If modern Frenchmen were to live in Paris, to feel at home in it, to love it, then the transformation must take place. And one cannot deny that it has been done with consummate energy, skill, and artistic invention.

But a city which deliberately effaces its own past, which mutilates its ancient masterpieces, and carts away exquisite works of art wholesale, which is filled with hatred, not only of what is unwholesome and troublesome, but of what is venerable and ancient, is committing suicide of its own noblest traditions. It is sacrificing the most powerful influences it possesses to kindle that sense of its own dignity and love for its own history, which is really the basis of all civic patriotism. A great city which has no past must do its best to look modern. But an ancient city which deliberately seeks to appear as if it had not known more than two generations of inhabitants is depriving itself of its own noblest title to respect. Now, too much of modern Paris looks as if its principal object had been to hide away old Paris, as some mischievous remnant of the *Ancien Régime*, unworthy to exist in the nineteenth century. It is true that Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, St. Germain, and a few remnants of Gothic art have been "restored." But one of the leading ideas of the Haussmannic renovation has evidently been this—to produce

the effect of a brand-new city as completely "up to date" and with as little of the antique about it as San Francisco or Chicago.

It cannot be denied that, however gay, airy, spacious, and convenient are the new boulevards, they have been immensely overdone in numbers, and are now become a new source of monotony in themselves. We see that, at last, boulevard constructing became a trade; these vast avenues were made first and foremost for speculative builders, enterprising tradesmen, and ambitious architects. It is not so much that Paris needed the boulevards, as that certain syndicates thirsted for the job. Assuming that such main arteries as the Boulevards de Sebastopol and St. Michel, such streets as the R. de Rivoli, 4 Septembre, and Turbigo were indispensable, it does not appear certain that the Boulevards Haussmann or St. Germain were inevitable, or even the latest of all, the Avenue de l'Opéra. These streets are convenient, of course, very "handsome," and profitable to those who know how to profit by them; but the question is whether they were worth the enormous burdens on the city budget, the tremendous disturbance and destruction involved, and the wholesale demolition of interesting old structures which could never be replaced. As the royal and imperial palaces of Paris bear on them indelible marks of autocratic tyranny and pride, so the new municipal works of the city too often betray their origin in the syndicates of the Bourse and Municipal Council.

It seems to be a natural law that an evil moral taint in the constructors of great buildings or great cities shows itself on the face of them forever, just as it is impossible to study the façade of a mediæval cathedral without seeing by what devout spirits and by what faithful and honest labor it was raised. The domineering and inflated temper of a great autocrat breaks out in the monotony and rigidity of his palaces, and in his manifest desire to display power rather than life, and vastness rather than beauty. The palace of a

tyrant is made to look like an interminable line of troops in uniform mechanically dressed for a review. The master of big battalions must have a big palace, and then a bigger palace, a copy and an extension of the former one. If his predecessor built a beautiful palace he must crush it with something that dwarfs and overpowers it, for is he not an even grander potentate than the "grand monarque" deceased? The Louvre is a perfect study in stone of moral degeneration on the throne. François I., who, with all his faults, loved France and loved beauty, began the Italianized Louvre of Pierre Lescot; it is one of the most lovely conceptions of the Renaissance, and has no superior of its order in Europe. We see it in the south-western angle of the inner quadrangle. The inner quadrangle was not completed for more than a hundred years—each king caring more for power than he did for art, and adding a less and less beautiful piece; until at last, under Louis XIV., the exquisite design of the early Renaissance has sunk into a dull and pompous classicism.

But the crown of false taste was placed when, in 1665, Louis XIV. was seduced by the ingenious amateur, Dr. Perrault, to re-face the Louvre of Leveau, and to set up the huge sham screen, known as the famous Colonnade, on the eastern façade facing St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Its twenty-eight immense Corinthian columns, carrying nothing but a common balustrade, are a monument of imbecile pomp. Directly the trained eye perceives that this vast and stately façade consists of two parallel faces within a few feet of each other, the mind turns from such a senseless parade of magnificence. It is quite true that the façade is itself very imposing, well-proportioned, and certain to impress itself as noble on those who do not perceive its fraudulent construction. It was just the thing to inflame the imagination of the brilliant young *Roi-Soleil*; it debauched the courtly taste and ruined the architecture of Paris. It was more or less imitated in the grand public

offices flanking the Rue Royale, which face the Place de la Concorde. Thenceforward splendor took the place of grace; and interminable orders of columns and windows in long regiments took the place of art.

The First Empire, which had a genius of its own, and even an imitated art that at times was pleasing and usually intellectual, adapted and even exaggerated the passion of the Grand Monarque for the grandiose and the uniform. And the Second Empire, which had more ambition than genius, and more brilliancy than taste, adopted and even exaggerated the designs of the first Napoleon—but alas! without the refined learning and the massive dignity which marked his best work. Louis, accordingly, mauled about the old Louvre and set up some singularly ingenious but rather inartistic adjuncts to the Tuileries. He made the disastrous mistake of prolonging the Rue de Rivoli with a monotonous rigidity which has positively discredited French taste in the eyes of all Europe. He insisted on sweeping away the old *cité* of the island, in order to make sites for the enormous barrack and the vast hospital—neither of which would be required on that particular spot by a widely organized government.

Nor did Louis stop here; for his courtly, clerical, and Bourse influences drove him to turn the Cathedral of Notre Dame into a detached show, standing by itself in a bare clearing, to set up more boulevards, more monotonous Rues de Rivoli in every part, and to gut the interesting old quarter of the university, the schools, and colleges, teeming with historical associations and mediæval relics, in order to make it as close a copy of the Boulevard des Italiens as it was possible to produce on the south side of the Seine. Even more than all the sovereigns of France, from Louis XIV. downwards, Louis Napoleon seemed bent on hiding away or carting away the ancient Paris, and turning the whole of the vast and ven-

erable city into a monotonous copy of the Anglo-American quarter round the Madeleine and the Grand Opera.

The Republic succeeded in 1870 to a number of unfinished schemes and to the awful ravages of civil war. And, after almost a quarter of a century of indefatigable effort, it has at length brought the reorganization of the city to a practical close and has repaired the ruin of the two sieges. Happily, the Republic, with such fearful trials and cruel lessons, has had no desire to plan new schemes for eviscerating the city, and has had other things to do instead of building pompous palaces. It has wisely declined to rebuild the Tuileries, and has made perhaps the best that it could have made of the vast constructions that connected Louvre and Tuileries. In spite of the ambitious and offensive failure in the midst—the noisy monument to a great patriot who deserved something nobler—the palatial pile has not been surpassed in modern Europe; and by consent of the world the spacious area between the Champs-Élysées and the Pont Neuf contains the most brilliant city prospect in northern Europe. But the glory of the Republic is the renewed Hôtel de Ville, the most beautiful building that has been raised in Paris since the original Louvre of Pierre Lescot. The trade of the building speculator and the mania of a despotic uniformity have now received a death-blow. The ingenuity and artistic instinct of France are acquiring again a free hand; the Revolutionary hatred of antiquity is dying out, and the historic spirit is enlarging its scope. When the Eiffel folly has come down, and the *mesquinerie* and *chinoiserie* of sundry big booths of the *fin de siècle* have been replaced, Paris may face the twentieth century with the proud consciousness not only of being the most brilliant and pleasant of cities, but also that she bears on her the record of twenty memorable centuries of the past.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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THE NEW JAPANESE CONSTITUTION.

UNTIL quite recently the Japanese were best known to the majority of Englishmen as the makers of artistic bric-a-brac. They excited a sort of sentimental interest, as a quaint people who in a way of their own painted fire-screens and fans, grew chrysanthemums and lilies, and dwelt in a land of surpassing loveliness. In a word, Japan was regarded very much as the Fortunate Islands of the modern world. When the war with China broke out, this fond vision of the fancy was rudely dispelled. It was seen that the Japanese could draw the sword as well as draw designs, and that they had something still in them of the old Oriental Adam. But quite apart from the question of their merits as artists and of the interest excited by the war in Corea, the Japanese may challenge our attention on other grounds.

They have lately entered on a great experiment. The proposition that the majority of mankind have no desire for change was one of those brilliant generalizations for which Sir Henry Maine was famous, and upon its universal truth the Japanese have made a serious inroad. M. Rénan once compared nations to the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. Ordinarily, he said, they sleep from generation to generation; but now and again they turn from one side to the other, and then occur the great changes of mankind. At the times, for instance, of the Reformation and the French Revolution the nations of northern Europe and of France awoke for a moment from their slumbers, and at their uneasy turnings the whole world shook. And so it has been in a measure with the Japanese. They too of recent years have been turning in their beds. Until then, what Tennyson said of China, that "fifty years of Europe" were better than "a cycle of Cathay," was probably quite as true of Japan. But all that is now changed, and the Japanese have adopted a large measure of that system of social organization which for want of a better term is vaguely styled Western civilization.

An Oriental nation has made a sudden forward spring and that is a very remarkable event. In India, and perhaps in other portions of the East, that civilization has made very slow way, and has tinged to a hardly appreciable extent the different sections of society. The gulf between East and West yawns too wide to be easily, if ever abridged, and it would probably be true to say that no Englishman can fully understand the mental standpoint of the average Chinaman or Hindoo. But it has not been so in Japan. Within the lifetime of the present generation she has torn off the swaddling-clothes of custom and tradition, and arrayed herself in the newest fashions of the West. If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, then indeed Europe has reason to be pleased. This transformation has extended to things both great and small, as well to social usages and manners, as to the arts and manufactures, and the very framework of government itself. Within a decade that government has undergone not merely a reform but a revolution. From a purely Oriental despotism it has suddenly blossomed forth into a constitutional monarchy of the most approved type. It is an event which is quite without precedent, and is an important episode in the history of human institutions. No other Oriental nation has ever yet shown itself capable of working Parliamentary institutions; much less has it actually adopted them. But that is what the Japanese did in 1889, a year which by a curious coincidence marks the centenary of the creation of the American Constitution. In 1789 the citizens of the United States founded the first of the great modern Constitutions; a hundred years later the Japanese have come forward with the last.

The making of the American Constitution was a very remarkable event, but that of the Constitution of Japan is in some respects more remarkable still. It is true indeed that the architects of the former had very great difficulties to contend with, and that they builded better than they knew.

The obstacles were so great that probably nothing short of necessity would have succeeded in producing the Constitution at all. Its builders had no model to seize upon and copy; they could only look round the world and snatch such materials as they could from this quarter or from that. The cut-and-dried written Constitution was then unknown; the governments of Europe were anomalous growths, accretions of illogical ideas, and often the resulting products of wars, oppressions, and irrational superstitions. There was little about them to excite the emulation of the settlers of the New World, and the architects of America found few precedents, except in the mother country, which could be of any value. They could see much to be avoided, and they could study the writings of such political philosophers as Locke and Montesquieu. That they did to such purpose that they built a constitution which has stood a century of stress and storm severe enough to wreck any but the strongest. The child of necessity, born almost in the throes of war, it yet must not be forgotten that the American Constitution was the work of men of the Anglo-Saxon race, who had inherited the most glorious of traditions, in whose bone was liberty, and in whose blood was independence. The task upon which they had entered was congenial to their nature. To all this the Japanese were strangers, and from Western modes of thought they were poles asunder. Moreover, while the American colonists were a thinly scattered race, the Japanese formed a compact nation of hardly less than forty millions; so that it may be said without exaggeration that so violent a disruption of the past by so numerous a people has probably never been witnessed in the history of the world. On the other hand fortune has been kind to the builders of Japan. They worked in peaceful times, and so far from not having any models with which to guide their handiwork, they have rather suffered from an embarrassment of riches. Almost all the

States of Europe had by this time their written constitutions, which had either been wrested by force or conceded from fear, and Japan had the governments of the civilized world to choose from. Such work was comparatively easy.

This eminently eclectic constitution is of the written or rigid type, and is the work mainly of that distinguished statesman, Count Ito Hirobumi. It is prefaced by the imperial oath which was taken, and the imperial speech which was delivered on its promulgation. Both oath and speech apparently attempt to conceal the reality of change with a nebulous grandiloquence of phrase, and a profession of sturdy conservative principles. As though frightened at the magnitude of their own creation the Japanese seem to try to hide its importance from themselves. There is something peculiarly naive about the character of the oath. A more radical revolution than the granting of the Japanese Constitution it would be difficult to imagine; yet it is gravely maintained by the words of the oath to be mildly conservative. The emperor swears that "in pursuance of a great policy co-extensive with the heavens and the earth, we shall maintain and secure from decline the ancient form of government;" and the Constitution is declared to be "only an exposition of the grand precepts for the conduct of the government bequeathed by the imperial founder of our house, and by our imperial ancestors." The imperial speech, and the preamble to the Constitution are quite in keeping with the oath. The emperor displays a full sense of the dignity of his position; for not only does he declare his policy to be "coextensive with the heavens and the earth," but that his empire has its foundation "upon a basis which is to last forever." Moreover he speaks of the Constitution as "the present immutable fundamental law," and as exhibiting "the principles to which our descendants and our subjects and their descendants are forever to conform." But by a singular inconsistency almost in the same breath provisions are made

for the amendment of that which is declared to be immutable; and the initiative right of amendment is thereupon reserved to the emperor and his successors, who are bound to submit their proposals to the Imperial Diet.

After this somewhat bombastic beginning, which is probably nothing more than a harmless ebullition of pardonable pride, the Constitution may be said to settle down to business. It opens with an exposition of the status of the emperor, who is properly styled "Kotei" and not "Mikado," a word which means literally "Honorable Gate." Though his person is declared to be sacred and inviolable, it is evident at once that he is intended to be a strictly constitutional monarch. He is bound to exercise the rights of sovereignty in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. As is the case with the British crown, he forms a part of Parliament, for he can only exercise his legislative powers with the consent of the Imperial Diet. He is, too, the head of the executive, and convokes, opens, closes, prorogues, and dissolves the Diet. He has the supreme command of the army and navy, determines their organization and strength, declares war, makes peace, and concludes treaties. He is the fountain of honor, and confers titles of nobility, rank, orders, and other marks of distinction. He has the privilege of mercy, and the right to order amnesty, pardon, commutation of punishment, and rehabilitation. So that he practically possesses all the powers which belong to any constitutional monarch or republican president. But these very ample prerogatives do not form the whole of his authority. He has the right to make ordinances as distinguished from laws, or in other words to issue decrees on extraordinary occasions without the concurrence of the Diet. Necessity will sometimes override legality, and emergencies may arise when the spirit of the law is best observed by ignoring its letter. The maxim *salus publica suprema lex* holds good in Japan as it does all the world over, and it is doubtless due to a per-

ception of its truth that these extraordinary powers have been conferred on the emperor. That they are liable to abuse, and should only be exercised in accordance with what are conveniently termed constitutional conventions, is apparent at a glance. It is impossible to frame a constitution so as entirely to prevent any breach of its provisions. No talisman can be devised against chicanery and force. Forbearance and good faith are, so to speak, the lubricating oils which alone make a constitution a possible engine of government; and this should not be forgotten by those who have passed an unfavorable judgment upon a provision of this constitution which they believe to be specially liable to abuse.

The rights and duties of subjects are next provided for, and it may be said generally that their liberties are, on the face of it at least, as fully guaranteed as in any Western nation. For instance, every Japanese subject is entitled to have "liberty of abode and of changing the same within the limits of the law;" while no one may be arrested, detained, tried, or punished unless according to law, nor be deprived of his right of being tried by the judges appointed by law. Nor may his home be entered or searched without his consent, except in the cases specially provided. It is moreover a notable provision that, save in particular circumstances, the secrecy of letters in the post is to remain inviolable. Any one who recalls the revelations which about fifty years ago were made with regard to the opening of Mazzini's letters by the English postal authorities will be ready to admit that in this matter at least England has not been so far in advance of Japan. It is probable indeed that France and other Continental States are actually behind her. At least the *Cabinet Noir*, whose special function it was to examine correspondence in the post, was active during the Second Empire, and is said to still linger in fact if not in name. Freedom of religious belief is guaranteed, and so are the rightly cherished liberties of the platform and the press.

These rights, it should be said, may only be exercised "within the limits of the law," and it must freely be admitted that beneath a rigorous administration these limits might be reduced to very narrow bounds. In Germany, for instance, where the freedom of the press is nominally granted, editors are constantly subjected to fine and imprisonment, and freedom in Japan may not be so real as the words of the Constitution would lead one to suppose.

The legislative body is the Imperial Diet, and it consists of two Houses, the House of Peers and the House of Representatives. No law can be made without their consent, and either House can initiate legislation. The Diet must be convoked every year, but it is worthy of note that the session can only last three months, except indeed in cases of urgent necessity, when it may be prolonged by imperial order. The Japanese, as is the case also with the citizens of some of the States of the American Union, must have some sense of the inconveniences attending an excessive legislative ardor. At all events, unless the Diet gets through its business much quicker than the British House of Commons, legislation in Japan cannot be very brisk. It is certain that a three months' session at St. Stephen's would completely strangle a Newcastle programme. When the House of Representatives has been dissolved, a new one must be convoked within five months. No debate can be opened and no vote can be taken in either House, unless a quorum of not less than one-third of the whole number of members is present; the deliberations of both Houses are held in public; no member of either House can be held responsible outside for an opinion uttered or for any vote given in the Houses; and members of both Houses are during the session free from arrest unless with the consent of the House to which they belong, except in the cases of flagrant crimes, or of offences connected with a state of internal commotion or foreign trouble. From a constitutional point of view a most interesting and important pro-

vision is that which declares that ministers of state or delegates of the government may at any time take seats and speak in either House. It is a provision which indelibly stamps the Japanese Constitution as belonging to the type of parliamentary government of which the British is the most eminent example. The government of the United States is perhaps the best example of the non-parliamentary type, for there a minister may not sit or speak in either House. The distinction involved in these differences of type is one which cuts very deep and may produce momentous consequences; it is therefore of interest to note that Japan follows the British and not the American example. There is no law in England which compels a minister to take a seat in either House; but there is a custom that he should do so which has almost the force of law, and which except in very unusual cases it would be most inexpedient to violate. And so in Japan, though the Constitution allows a minister the option of taking a seat in either House, it would be contrary to all experience to suppose that this option will not in practice be reduced to a nullity. It may be taken almost as a foregone conclusion that the Japanese minister like the British, will feel that he has really very little choice in the matter. It is, moreover, expressly provided that all laws, imperial ordinances, and imperial rescripts of whatever kind that relate to affairs of State require the counter-signature of a minister of state, and the respective ministers of state are to give their advice to the emperor and to be responsible for it; another particular in which the practice of Japan approximates to our own.

Of the judicial system there is not much to be said. It is, however, satisfactory to observe that no judge can be removed unless by way of criminal sentence or disciplinary punishment, and that trials are conducted in public. But there is one particular in which the practice of Japan diverges from our own and resembles the French judicial system. Actions to which the

executive authorities are parties do not lie within the jurisdiction of the ordinary law courts, but within that of the courts of Administrative Litigation. This seems to exactly correspond to the French system of *Loi Administrative*.

After the lively feelings stirred by the passing of the recent budget, Englishmen will probably care to hear how they do these things in Japan. As might have been expected, it is provided that the expenditure and revenue of the State require the consent of the Imperial Diet by means of an annual budget. It is more important to note that, though the voting of the budget does not fall within the peculiar province of the Representative House, yet it is provided that it must be first laid before that House. Students of political philosophy will keenly watch to see whether in course of time the rights of the House of Peers to introduce amendments in the budget will remain a living force, or whether they will be practically reduced to a shadow, as has been the case with the British House of Lords.

For the regulations which direct the practice of the Diet, the presidents and the vice-presidents of both Houses are nominated by the emperor, in the case of the Upper House out of all the members, and in that of the Lower House out of three members respectively elected by their colleagues for each of those offices. The presidents of both Houses receive an annual salary of four thousand *yen*, and the vice-presidents of two thousand *yen*. So that if the value of the *yen* be taken at three shillings and fourpence, it will be seen that these salaries are exceedingly modest. Not a little interesting, too, in view of the demands which are now being persistently pressed by our English Radicals, are the provisions relating to the payment of members. Elected and nominated members of the Upper House (of which something will hereafter be said) and members of the House of Representatives receive an annual allowance of eight hundred *yen*, and their travelling expenses ;

and though they may not decline their allowances, they are not entitled to receive them unless they comply with the summons of convocation. Members holding government appointments may not receive the annual allowance ; but those who are on committees are entitled to additional pay when the committee continues to sit during a recess. It must be admitted that in the matter of payment of its legislators, Japan is but following the almost universal practice of the civilized world. Almost everywhere now members are either paid or at least allowed their travelling expenses. The salaries of the Japanese legislators are, however, on a very modest scale. They are so certainly in comparison with those of the United States, and approximate rather to the almost penurious allowances of Switzerland ; a fact which will go some way to rid Japan of that baneful creature, the professional politician. The Japanese Diet is evidently no place for idle dilettantes. In the strictness of its rules it goes beyond even the Swiss Legislative Chambers. In Switzerland a member who does not attend the sittings of the House merely loses his salary ; but in Japan members of both Houses must obtain leave of absence from their respective presidents, and such leave must not exceed a week. Moreover, no member is allowed to absent himself from the sittings of the House or of a committee, without having forwarded to the president a notice setting forth proper reasons for his absence. Nor does the matter end here. If a member without substantial reason fails to answer within a week to the summons of convocation, or absents himself from the sittings of the House or a committee, or exceeds his leave of absence, and after having received from the president a summons to attend, still without good reason fails to comply with it, he is on the expiration of a week, if a member of the House of Peers, suspended from his seat, if a representative, expelled from the House. These rules strike an Englishman as being exceedingly drastic, and would render

parliamentary life an intolerable burden. The pressure exerted by party whips and vigilant constituents is probably as much as most members can endure; and there is probably nothing in the Japanese Constitution more forcibly illustrating the immense difference between the political atmosphere of Japan and of the Western world than these singular provisions which almost reduce the regimen of the Diet to that of a school. They may be a wholesome discipline in a country where parliamentary institutions are new and alien to the traditions of the people; but if Japan has borrowed the forms, she has not yet accepted the spirit of the West.

There is a regular system of committees, as in our Parliament. These committees are of three kinds, standing and special committees and a committee of the whole House. The method of selecting the standing committees is peculiar. In each House the members are divided into several sections by lot, and then each section elects from the members of the House an equal number to the standing committees.

The British private member will be curious to see whether his fellows in Japan receive any better treatment than himself. He will perhaps be gratified to find that he has not much cause for envy, for in Japan, as in England, the government of the day has a superior claim over the private member upon the time of the House. Bills brought in by the government have precedence, except when the concurrence of the government is obtained to a contrary course, in cases of urgent necessity. All bills must pass three readings, but these steps may be omitted when the government, or not less than ten members, demand it, and a majority of not less than two-thirds of the members present concur. And though bills brought in by the government must first be submitted to the examination of a committee, this process may be dispensed with when the government demand it on grounds of urgent necessity. Moreover, if a pri-

vate member moves to introduce a bill or to make an amendment to a bill, such motion may not be made the subject of debate, unless it is supported by not less than twenty members; nor may any member put a question to a minister unless he is supported by at least thirty members. So that it is evident that it is not in the British House of Commons alone that there are considerable restraints upon individual zeal. Parliamentary government tends everywhere to reduce private initiative in legislation to a minimum, and Japan appears to be no exception to the rule.

That portion of the Constitution which deals with the law of election will commend itself to those who took an interest in the recent Registration Bill of the present government. The subject is too large to be more than merely touched upon. It will be found, however, in Japan that there is nothing of that censurable laxity which is common in the United States, where it is actually possible for a perfect stranger just landed from abroad to "go right in and vote." In order to possess the franchise a Japanese must be not less than twenty-five years of age, must have fixed his permanent residence, and have actually resided in certain electoral districts for not less than a year previous to the date of the electoral list, and must still be residing there. He must also within the same limitation of time have been paying in his district imperial taxes to the amount of not less than fifteen *yen*, and must be still paying them; in the case of the income-tax, he must have been paying it for not less than full three years previous to the same date and must still be paying it. A candidate for election must be not less than thirty years old; obviously there will be no Japanese Pitt to be premier at the age of twenty-three. The "new woman" has not advanced so far in Japan as she has done in New Zealand, for as yet there is no female suffrage. For the rest, it may be noted that the expenses of elections are defrayed out of local taxes; that priests of religion

of all kinds are ineligible, and (a fact of special interest to the Anti-Gambling League) that among the persons disqualified both as electors and candidates are those who have been punished for gambling within three years of the date of the completion of their sentence; that the heads of noble families are ineligible; that the register in each district is made out yearly; that elections are all held on one day; that the term of membership is four years; that election disputes are decided in the law courts; and that bribery and corruption are punishable by fine.

The composition of the House of Peers is certainly curious. It combines the principles of heredity, of life-peers, of nomination and election, and there are probably few of the suggested schemes for the reform of the House of Lords which it does not anticipate in some particulars at least. It is made up of five classes: members of the imperial family, princes and marquises; counts, viscounts, and barons elected by their own orders as representatives; persons nominated by the emperor on account of meritorious services to the State or for their learning; and lastly, persons chosen by and from among a selected class of the people at large. The position is hereditary with the persons of the first two classes, while those of the third class are life members, and those of the two remaining classes serve for a period of seven years. Members of the second class must have attained the age of twenty-five years, and those of the fourth and fifth classes the age of thirty years respectively. It is a scheme which appears upon the face of it to be an ingenious attempt to solve the difficult problem of creating a really effective second Chamber which at the same time shall not excite envy and suspicion, and it well deserves the serious consideration of those English Radicals who are not content to let the House of Lords remain as it is.

There is not space here to do more than touch upon the salient points of this most interesting Constitution. It is a very clever bit of eclecticism, if it

is nothing else; but its practical success depends entirely upon the spirit in which it is received, and the natural aptitude of the people to accept it. If they are as yet unfitted to adopt such a form of government as I have attempted to describe, the experiment is foredoomed to ignominious failure. If the Constitution is simply a piece of clever mimicry, then these borrowed institutions can strike no root into the soil, and the civilization of Japan will be no more than a veneer, which will be sure to wear very thin. Let us then see how, so far as it has yet gone, the Constitution has actually worked.

It was promulgated in the year 1889.

The first election took place in the following year, and the large amount of interest taken in the matter is shown by the fact that there were no less than six hundred and forty-nine candidates for two hundred and ninety-nine seats. It is said that there is a good deal of bribery, and that one successful candidate was assassinated, a thing which will perhaps not seem very surprising in Japan when one considers the bribery and rowdiness which used to be the inseparable accompaniments of election contests in England. The next election took place in February, 1892, the chief feature of which appears to have been a considerable defeat of the Liberal party led by Count Okuma. It was in that Diet that difficulties arose last year. The government proposed to increase the navy, and in order to raise the necessary money, they at the same time proposed to increase the taxes on tobacco and native wines. The House of Representatives refused to sanction this portion of the budget, and the government justified its determination to persist upon constitutional grounds. Both sides were unwilling to give way, and things were simply reduced to a dead-lock. Obstruction was persistent, and the government was unable to carry any of its legislative measures, except by giving promises of large concessions. The excitement in the country became very great; the attacks of the "Soshi" (a set of turbulent busybodies) upon prominent indi-

viduals increased daily, and it became necessary to restrain the outspoken freedom of the press. One journal went so far as to call the members of the Diet "Houenukidojo," or boneless fish. Its editor and publisher were prosecuted by the president, and were sentenced to a fine of fifty *yen* and a year's imprisonment. So disorderly, too, were the sittings of the Diet that the government tried the experiment of proroguing it from time to time for the statutory period of fifteen days, but without bringing the matter any nearer to a solution. The end, however, came at last in a manner which can only be described as thoroughly Japanese. The House of Representatives presented an address to the emperor asking for advice, and his reply was singularly naive. He advocated harmony, ordered three hundred thousand *yen* from his income to be devoted for six years to naval construction, and ten per cent. to be deducted from the salaries of government officials for the same purpose. The singular character of Japanese politics can best be realized by considering what would be thought of any European government which proposed to meet an increase of naval estimates by deductions from the salaries of its civil servants. Yet in Japan the proposal seems to have excited no opposition. But this was only the beginning of woes, for one trouble was quickly followed by another. The president of the House of Representatives brought such odium on himself that he was requested to resign, and on his refusal to do so was by a vote of the House suspended from his functions for a week. Such turbulence marked the sittings of the House that the emperor was at last compelled to resort to a dissolution. The Western imagination almost refuses to conceive the suspension of the speaker of the English House of Commons, and of her Majesty dissolving the latter for disorder.

From what has taken place it is clear that, though the Japanese may have all the forms of parliamentary institutions, they have as yet no proper conception of their spirit. Had such been the

case, the government would not have persisted in forcing through its budget in the teeth of a hostile majority in the Lower House; nor would that House have entered upon an unseemly wrangle with its president. Even the warmest admirers of Japan must admit that the results are not as yet encouraging, and it may well be doubted whether the Constitution can be otherwise regarded than as a cleverly constructed toy, which will be unable to resist the wear and tear of practice. The conduct of the politicians of Japan has on some occasions resembled rather the grotesque gambols of a mimic than the acts of serious statesmen. Borrowed political institutions, like clothes, are frequently misfits, and an Oriental State which parades in the newest fashions of the West runs some risk at least of ridicule. The Japanese have imported so many foreign habits that they have begun to wear an air which is entirely artificial, and which reminds one of the description of Talleyrand as a man who contrived to build a sort of natural character for himself out of a mass of deliberate affectations. In this there is obviously danger. It is already said by some that the Diet has fallen a victim to that system of "groups," that species of political phylloxera, so to speak, which withers the vitality of the Representative Houses of the West. Nay more, it has been said that the war in Corea was provoked in order to divert attention from an intolerable domestic situation. But whatever be the facts, the Japanese experiment will continue to be watched with deep interest; and should it succeed its success cannot fail to profoundly modify, if not to transform, the Eastern world.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

From Longman's Magazine.
AN UNRESOLVED DISCORD.

My first meeting with that discordant fellow — for discordant he was and remained throughout my acquaintance — with him, and this, I suppose, accounted for his being at once so

attractive and so irritating — took place on a cold, murky November afternoon. I had shut up the organ, after playing a brief voluntary, the choir and the clergy had trooped off, the small congregation was dispersing, and I was about to leave the cathedral, when he strode up to me out of one of the side aisles and said, "I believe you are Dr. Duckett?"

"That is my name," I answered. "What do you want?"

The truth is that I was not in the best of tempers. Those young rascals of boys had been singing carelessly, as they often do, and if there is one thing I hate more than another it is to be accosted just after a service. People ought to understand that one wants a little time to recover oneself and to forgive the miscreants who will persist in spoiling everything, in spite of all one's efforts to guide them in the way they should go. However, he did not seem to be affronted by my curt manner.

"I want you," said he, holding out a small roll of manuscript, "just to glance over this and give me your opinion of it. It's an *Agnus* I have written, and I think myself that it's rather good. In fact, I *know* it's good; though there may be technical errors in it which you will easily detect. I'm only a beginner; but I know enough about music to know that you are as high an authority as there is in England, and that you aren't blinded by prejudice and routine, as most of these stick-in-the-mud cathedral organists are. That's why I thought I would apply to you."

I looked at this somewhat peremptory and decidedly cool young gentleman. There was not much light left to scrutinize him by; but I could see that he was tall, dark, slender, and handsome. Of course I had no particular reason for obliging him by correcting his, doubtless faulty, composition; still I am not, I hope, quite as churlish as I am sometimes accused of being, and my heart goes out to a brother musician. One can always recognize them at a glance, I find — that is, the genuine ones, not the correct, respectable,

successful rank and file. Perhaps, too, I may have been a trifle flattered by his incidental description of me — who can boast of being superior to the subtle influences of flattery even at the advanced age of forty-eight? Anyhow, I said:—

"Well, you are welcome to my opinion, such as it is. I will find time to examine what you have written to-night, and if you will call at my house between twelve and one o'clock to-morrow, Mr. —"

"Vincent," he interpolated impatiently. "Not that it matters."

"Mr. Vincent, I will either give you a verbal reply or leave one for you. I dare say you know where I live."

He said he could easily find out. But perhaps he thought that the simplest way of doing so was to accompany me to my own door in the cloisters; for he walked along beside me and was good enough to tell me, on the way, exactly why it was that the anthem had gone to pieces. I did not mind that; for it was true enough that, as I said before, the boys had not been taking any trouble, and I quite agreed with him that no choir could help being more or less injuriously affected by that drawling, superannuated minor canon; still it did strike me that if this unknown youth was destined to fail as a composer, his failure would hardly be due to any excess of modesty or timidity. He shook hands with me at parting and promised to look in about one o'clock on the next day.

"I suppose that is your luncheon hour?" he remarked. "Or do you dine in the middle of the day? It's all the same to me; only I should like to find you at home, because you're sure to take an interest in me, and the fact is that I rather want you to put me in the way of earning my living here for a time."

With this truly startling announcement, which he made as calmly as if he had been observing that it was a chilly evening, he marched off, stopping for a moment to light a cigarette.

Mrs. Duckett was quite vexed when I narrated the episode to her, and

could not see anything funny in it at all. She said that she had never heard of such impertinence, and added that she presumed it would end, as it always did, in my being robbed of five or ten pounds by an impudent and obvious swindler. I seldom contradict Mrs. Duckett, but I would beg readers of these lines to believe that I am not quite the fool she takes me for. As organist of Minchester Cathedral, I have a snug little house and a fairly good salary; besides which, I make enough by teaching to pay my way; still, I cannot afford to throw away five or ten pounds either upon swindlers or deserving mendicants, nor am I in the habit of doing any such thing.

As for Mr. Vincent, I looked at his *Agnus* in the course of the evening, and came to the conclusion that it would be a very long time before he made his living by musical composition. It was the work of a downright ignoramus, full of the most egregious mistakes from start to finish; and yet — how shall I explain what I mean to non-musical people? — there were passages in it which more than half tempted me to suspect the fellow of being an uninstructed genius. He had tried to do things — I don't say he had done them — which, to the best of my belief, nobody has ever thought of before, and I suppose, after all, that what artists of any kind love and delight in most is originality.

At all events, he made no mistake in anticipating with so much confidence that he would interest me, and no sooner had I conducted him to our little dining-room on the morrow than I perceived that he was beginning to interest my wife into the bargain. He was, in fact, when seen in the full light of day, an uncommonly good-looking young man, with large, luminous, dark-brown eyes, clearly cut features, and a great crop of wavy black hair, which he wore rather too long for my taste, but not too long to suit that of the ladies — who, I have noticed, always admire flowing locks. Moreover, his style of conversation, though a trifle brusque, was of a nature to arouse curiosity.

He favored us with plenty of it, while satisfying the cravings of a healthy appetite; and I am bound to confess that, if he was rather too dictatorial upon the subject of musical matters for so inexperienced a judge, his ideas were not very far wrong. By which, of course, I mean that they coincided with my own. They coincided likewise with those of Mrs. Duckett. At least, I presume that they did; for, as we left the dining-room, she took occasion to whisper in my ear, "Samuel, that is going to be a great man; you must on no account let him slip through your fingers!"

Now, it is certain that no man can become great as a musical composer until he has mastered the fundamental principles of the art, and this was what I told Mr. Vincent, after I had given him a cigar and had pointed out to him that his *Agnus* in its present form was altogether inadmissible. He took my censure much more submissively than I had expected — indeed, I have never up to this moment of writing been able to understand how one and the same human being could be so inordinately vain and so unaffectedly humble as he was. He admitted that his knowledge of harmony and counterpoint was as yet superficial; he even went so far as to acknowledge that there were moments when he did not feel quite sure of his power to create.

"But that," he made haste to add, "is only when I am down in the mouth, as one is apt to be when one is beset by despicable material worries. I should like to take a few lessons from you, Dr. Duckett; but the nuisance is that I can't possibly pay you for them. As far as that goes, I can't very well pay for my daily bread just now, and I was wondering whether you couldn't help me to get half-a-dozen singing pupils — so as to keep the wolf from the door, you know."

It was so likely that, in my responsible position, I should hand over half-a-dozen of my own pupils to an instructor of whose antecedents and capabilities I knew absolutely nothing!

Well, it was, no doubt, very unlikely

that I should behave in that imprudent manner; yet, as a matter of fact, I ended by doing something almost as absurd. I told him that he was welcome, without payment, to such teaching as I could give him. That, I think, was right enough, because members of one calling should always be ready to assist one another. But perhaps I was hardly justified in advancing him a trifle to meet immediate necessities, and I suppose I ought not to have said that I could recommend him to several vocal young ladies of whom I longed to be rid. I ought not to have said so, I mean, in view of his blank refusal to tell me who he was or where he came from. He said I could see for myself that he was a gentleman, and that ought to be enough; he must decline to be cross-examined about his past life. But as to his capabilities, how could I doubt them after hearing him sing? It was merely in order to give me an idea of what he wanted the solo portion of his *Agnus* to sound like that he sat down to the piano and showed me, to my delight and amazement, what he could do. Not only had he a tenor voice of such quality and volume as I had only heard equalled two or three times in my life before, but it was evident that he had been well and carefully taught how to use it. He owned that this was the case in reply to my admiring ejaculations — by which, for the rest, he seemed to set remarkably little store.

"Oh, I have been taught and I can teach," he said. "That's nothing; any fool who has a voice can be made to sing, just as any fool who has eyes in his head can be made to read. The select few are those who can produce material for the common herd to work upon."

He thought that he belonged to that select band; possibly he did. In any event, I found him irresistible, though I have probably failed to convey the least convincing impression of his personal charm. Fortunately for me, my wife was as completely bewitched as I was — if not more so — and during the weeks that followed she could not make

too much of the mysterious Mr. Vincent. The mystery with which he was pleased to surround himself was doubtless an additional attraction to her. I believe she took him for a prince in disguise, and built up all manner of romantic histories concerning him upon somewhat slender foundations; but I am not concerned to deny that he was a delightful companion, as well as an apt pupil. Those whom it has been my duty to instruct generally accuse me, I believe, of being rough, rude, and impatient. I cannot call myself a good master, because the slowness with which the average human brain moves exasperates me so. But Vincent almost always saw things at once and never resented the occasional explosions of strong language which I do not trouble myself to restrain when dealing with one of my own sex. He would laugh very good-humoredly at such times, and call himself a duffer. On the other hand, he permitted himself to criticise my methods of interpreting certain composers with a freedom which I really do not think I should have tolerated from anybody else.

What distressed me a good deal was that I felt sure that the man was in absolute want. He would not tell me where he was lodging, but circumstantial evidence convinced me that he had not money enough to pay for the necessities of life; and although it was generally easy to make some excuse for giving him his dinner, I could not very well do more without being asked. As for the few pupils whom I ventured to secure for him, they were daughters of tradespeople from whom no high remuneration was to be expected. However, he was destined ere long to gain a pupil whose wealth, liberality, and social standing left nothing to be desired. The Honorable Netta Thrupp, only child of Lord and Lady De Farnworth, had for some time past condescended to take intermittent singing lessons from me, and honesty compels me to own that I had submitted to the horrible noises with which she tortured my ears for no better reason than that

she was what she was. Lord De Farnworth is such a very great man in our parts—for the matter of that, I suppose he is a very great man everywhere—that it would never have done for me to insult his daughter. Kind fate ordained that I should be delivered from her without laying myself open to one of those severe lectures from Mrs. Duckett which I dare say I sometimes deserve. *Sic me servavit Apollo.*

I had with some difficulty persuaded Vincent to sing at an afternoon concert which was given, shortly before Christmas, by the Minchester Musical Society; I thought it would be a good advertisement for him, if it did not bring him much in the shape of immediate and tangible reward. At first he would have nothing to do with it, for he never was in the slightest degree vain upon the subject of his wonderful voice, and always spoke with the deepest contempt of ballad-singing; but as I persisted, he ended by shrugging his shoulders impatiently and giving way, the result of which was that he had a magnificent success. I had expected no less; still I was rejoiced to think that I had been the humble means of securing local notoriety for my *protégé*, and I remarked to my wife, after we had returned home and were having a quiet cup of tea together, that a great weight had been taken off my mind.

"You will see," said I, "that Vincent will be taken up by all the grandees now. Everybody was there, and everybody was delighted. This afternoon's work ought to be worth a dozen pupils to him, especially as he is so good-looking."

Amelia said she wished I wouldn't be so worldly and material—as if my lack of worldly wisdom were not the very thing with which she is forever reproaching me! Mr. Vincent, she declared, was going to be a musical composer of European celebrity; much he would care in a few years' time for Minchester and its poor little grandees!

"That," I observed, "may or may not be the case; at present I see no reason whatsoever to suppose that our

young friend will ever be a composer at all. But you will admit that the butcher and the baker won't accept the prospect of future celebrity in lieu of immediate cash payments. Therefore I say it is a good thing that the De Farnworths were sitting in the front row, and no bad thing that Vincent has a handsome face as well as a glorious voice."

Hardly had these words of common sense passed my lips when there came a rushing sound from the staircase outside; the door was violently thrown open, and in burst Miss Netta Thrupp, unannounced. She is a most obstreperous young woman; I am told that it is the fashion to be so, but cannot speak from personal knowledge of the subject. Anyhow, I am sure she must be fashionable, because her father is an ennobled gin distiller of immense wealth, and she has always mixed with the very best society. Just now her little round face was flushed and her little round eyes were gleaming with excitement; her entire person (which is likewise little and round) quivered with the same emotion.

"Dr. Duckett," said she, "I hear you know all about that beautiful and talented young man. Who is he? Where does he live? How can one get hold of him? I warn you that I am going to throw you over and appoint him my singing master in ordinary forthwith. Sorry if you don't like being superseded; but what else could you expect?"

I replied with equal truth and politeness that there are certain honorable employments from which no man who possesses a musical ear and an average amount of self-respect can object to being ousted, and then I told her all that I knew about Vincent—which, to be sure, was not much. I could not even furnish her with his address, and I was just inquiring whether I should send him up to Farnworth to receive instructions, when he himself walked in. She flew at him, jabbering and gesticulating like a little monkey.

"Dear Mr. Vincent, how delightful of you to appear just when you were

wanted! I was determined not to go home without finding you and telling you that you are simply adorable! You have taken me nearer to heaven this afternoon than I have ever been before in my life, and if you refuse to give me lessons I shall die, and go somewhere or other—not to heaven, I am afraid. But you *won't* refuse, will you? Come back and dine with us—I'll drive you in my pony-cart—and we'll make all the arrangements. My people will be charmed to see you, though they don't know one note from another. But they said you looked awfully distinguished—and so you do, you know."

I quite thought he would have been disgusted, but he wasn't; on the contrary he appeared to be pleased and flattered. There was no harmonizing that fellow. Sometimes I almost shared my wife's enthusiasm about him; at other times I felt by no means sure that he was not a very silly and vulgar specimen of humanity. Perhaps, however, he showed his superiority to the false shame that commonly afflicts silly and vulgar people by replying:—

"I should like nothing better than to dine with you, Miss Thrupp; but, unfortunately, I haven't any evening clothes, and unless I can buy a suit at a slop-shop for twenty-seven shillings and sixpence, I must remain without any; for that sum represents the whole of my available funds."

"Evening clothes be bothered!" returned the vivacious Miss Netta; "angels don't wear 'em—at least, I never heard that they did. Come as you are, and be worshipped!"

Well, he went; and no doubt he was worshipped, and no doubt he liked it. One may choose to sneer at the fools whose heads are turned by the adulation of other fools; but I am afraid it must be admitted that adulation is seldom wholly distasteful to any of us, and I have noticed in the course of my career that great musicians (I don't know any other great people) are not exempt from that species of weakness. Lord and Lady De Farnworth, whom I

called great just now, but with whom I could only boast a very slight acquaintance, were worthy sort of people, charitable, hospitable—perhaps a little offensive at times, though never intentionally so, I am sure. Very likely they enjoyed patronizing this bright, rising star and exhibiting him to the crowd of friends with whom their huge modern mansion was always packed. Even if they had not enjoyed it, they would probably have had to do it; for they were completely under the thumb of their imperious, plain-featured little daughter.

From that day forth Vincent spent a great deal of his time at Farnworth—rather too much of it, I sometimes thought; although it was, of course, an advantage to him from one point of view to be thus honored. What I was afraid of—and certain fatuous speeches of his tended to confirm my fears—was that he would misunderstand a spoilt child's caprice and would seriously imagine that he had made a conquest of one of the greatest heiresses in England. I felt it my duty to warn him that his fine friends would assuredly forget his existence as soon as they moved up to London; but he only laughed and replied that they would be very welcome to do so if they could.

"They and all the rest of the world will be reminded of my existence before long," he added, in one of those singular outbursts of conceit and self-confidence of which he had not been cured by encounter with inflexible technical difficulties.

He had learnt a good deal in a wonderfully short space of time; but I need hardly say that he was still very far from being fit to grapple with the obstacles that bar the path of half-instructed composers. Yet nothing that I could say would keep him from composing. I found out that he was in the habit of sitting up more than half the night through, working at a symphony (nothing less than a symphony, if you please!) which he had in hand, and which he was so good as to promise that I should see when completed. What was the use of telling a lunatic

like that that he might as well undertake to build a palace or an ironclad?

One comfort was that he had now a sufficiency of pupils and was able to move into avowable quarters not far from the Precincts. The patronage of the Thrupps had been, as I foresaw that it would be, invaluable to him in a pecuniary sense, and Miss Netta was not the only young lady who decided to desert old Gruff-and-grim (it was, I regret to say, by this disrespectful name that many of them were wont to speak of Samuel Duckett, Mus. Doc., and organist of Minchester Cathedral) in favor of a more amiable, more attractive, and possibly more talented professor. Was it his talent or his amiability and his attractiveness that the Honorable Netta appreciated so highly? My private and regretful conviction was that his talent had very little indeed to do with their intimacy, and I could never get him to express any opinion about her voice or her musical capacity.

"Oh, she pretends to be shy," he would say in answer to my inquiries; "she declares that I intimidate her, and our lessons usually resolve themselves into performances on my part. I sit down to the piano and show her how things ought to be done, which seems to satisfy her. Sometimes the fat mamma comes in and joins in the applause. Every now and then I sing flat to see whether that will make any difference, but it never does."

It was his custom to speak slightly of the De Farnworths, and to laugh at their ostentation, their vulgarity, and their self-importance; but it was easy to see that the incense which they perpetually burnt before him had a sweet savor in his nostrils. Mrs. Duckett, who still clung to her idea that he must be a nobleman in disguise, saw in this tendency an additional proof of his high breeding; but it did not appear to me to indicate that, nor did I quite like the frequent meetings between him and his pupil which took place under my humble roof.

"If this sort of thing is to go on, Amelia," I said to my wife one even-

ing, "I believe it will be my duty to say something to Lord De Farnworth about it. If he chooses to have Vincent up at his place two or three times a week, that is his affair; but when I find the young people encountering each other here day after day, as if by accident, and when I am scowled at unless I at once get up and leave them in sole possession of my drawing-room, I begin to suspect that all is not as it should be. Nothing can come of it, you may say; but I am not so sure of that. Anyhow, I don't wish to be mixed up with a possible scandal."

"Samuel," returned Mrs. Duckett in her sternest voice, "do I ever interfere with you in your management of the choir or your selection of church music, or anything else that you understand? Very well, then; be good enough to give me credit for knowing something about my own business and for being certainly the very last woman to permit anything in the shape of a scandal to take place in *this* house."

I held my peace—little peace would be mine if I didn't pretty generally hold it—and went my way; but my opinion remained unaltered. I am, however, free to confess that the *dénouement* which was at hand took me by surprise. I had expected something rather different. Vincent, I should mention, was subject to occasional fits of the deepest despondency and humility—the natural reaction, I suppose, from that buoyant belief in himself and in his glorious future to which I have already alluded. At such times he used to come to me for sympathy and encouragement, and seldom got either; because I thought it was good for him to realize every now and then what a hard, implacable mistress art is. Well, late one night, after Mrs. Duckett had gone up to bed, he entered my den, where I was smoking just one more pipe, and I perceived at once by the look on his face what he was going to say. He cast himself down in a chair and proceeded to say it all, as he had done more than once before. He was an ass; he was a failure; he was no good and never would be any good;

the best thing he could do was to cut his throat, and so forth, and so forth.

"This," I observed, "means, no doubt, that the second movement of the famous symphony won't go."

It means that, he confessed ; but it also meant that he had lost courage, that he had ceased to believe in his powers, that he saw a long vista of meaningless, purposeless years before him — in short, that if he couldn't have what he wanted and become a musical composer of the first order, he would a great deal rather die than live. "Upon my word and honor," he concluded, "I believe this is the truth of it. Exertion of the highest powers that we possess is so painful to us poor devils of human beings that we can't bring ourselves to face it without being spurred on by sheer terror of famine. One ought to be forced to work for one's bread day by day, like Schubert."

"Schubert would never have written some of the trivial stuff that he did write if he had been in easier circumstances," I remarked. "Still, so far as I can see, you are not likely to be deprived of the wholesome stimulus that you mention yet awhile."

"Yes, I am," he returned curtly ; "I am going to marry Netta Thrupp."

I opened my mouth so wide that my pipe dropped out of it. "Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that her parents have given their consent to anything so — so amazing ?"

"They haven't had time to give or refuse it yet," he answered coolly ; "she and I only came to an understanding this afternoon. But they won't refuse ; she can do anything she likes with them."

Within limits, that was probably the case ; but that they would ever sanction a union between their only child (upon whose beetle brows a ducal coronet might not unreasonably have been expected to descend) and an obscure music master, whose very origin was unknown, was more than I could believe. However, Vincent entertained no misgivings upon the subject.

"It is just possible," he remarked disdainfully, "that they may begin by

raising objections ; but I shall leave Netta to bring them to their bearings. After all, it is an honor that I am doing them. Surely you don't rank Beethoven or Mozart below a successful distiller of spirits !"

I made so bold as to point out that he was not yet Beethoven or Mozart. "Besides," I added, "I thought you were going to be a miserable failure, and that self-destruction was the only course left open to you."

He burst out laughing. "Can't you understand that one must have one's ups and downs ?" he asked. "Men of genius are always like that. But then you aren't a man of genius, you dear old literal interpreter of your fellow-creatures and all their works !"

"Perhaps not," I returned, slightly nettled ; "but I understand something about my craft, at any rate, if I don't understand all the vagaries of people who fancy themselves geniuses ; and I would a good deal rather be what I am, let me tell you, than the tame musical pet of a crew of fashionable ladies — which is all that you are ever likely to be."

I must say for Vincent that he never resented my rudeness. He laughed again, patted me on the shoulder, said I mustn't lose my temper over it, and confessed that he had no business to speak of me otherwise than as his superior. In the end he coaxed me into admitting that I believed in his genius. For the matter of that, I did believe in it, and I do still, though it is out of my power to give convincing reasons for my belief.

It was equally out of my power to discover what his real sentiments were with regard to Miss Thrupp. He asked me whether I did not consider her beautiful, clever, and fascinating, and when I replied that, candidly speaking, I did not, he merely observed that there was room in the world for every variety of taste and proceeded to make irrelevant remarks about the fascinations of Mrs. Duckett, which he chose to assume that I must find irresistible. As for the strenuous opposition on the part of her parents which I foresaw, he

utterly declined to believe in it. Netta would very soon make that all right, he declared.

Netta's determination to have her own way did not, however, prevent Lord De Farnworth from bouncing in upon me on the following morning, grunting and gobbling, like an angry little Berkshire pig (which animal, indeed, he closely resembled in features and outline), to ask who the devil Mr. Vincent was, what the devil I meant by allowing my house to be used as a place of assignation, whether I was aware that a word from him would suffice to deprive me of my present post and its emoluments, etc., etc.

I replied that I was unaware of the existence of any such despotic authority as his lordship claimed, while my own domestic despotism was not firmly enough established to admit of my turning out of my house a young lady who saw fit to enter it, uninvited. I added that I could not tell him who the devil Mr. Vincent was, and suggested that he should apply for information to the person chiefly concerned.

"But, confound the fellow! he won't say," cried the irate little nobleman. "All I can get out of him is that he is a gentleman and that he is going to be famous some fine day. Famous indeed! — infamous is what I call him! Infamous is the only word to apply to such conduct as his has been, and I defy you to deny it, Dr. Duckett!"

Well, there was not much use in defying me, and so, I suppose, he must have perceived; for, after a time, his wrath died away into almost lachrymose lamentations. Such kindness as he and Lady De Farnworth had shown to this out-at-elbows singing master! — such consideration as they had displayed for him, treating him quite as if he had been one of themselves, putting up with his insolent airs and allowing him to thump the piano for a couple of hours without ceasing after dinner, though the noise had often been most distracting. And now this was their reward! It was enough to make a benevolent man despair of the human race. It was also enough to

make an indulgent father repent bitterly of the indulgence which he had lavished upon an undutiful child.

But it was not enough — that very soon became evident — to reduce an undutiful child to a proper state of subjection. When Lord De Farnworth swore that he would never — no, never! — permit his daughter to marry a man who refused to give any account of himself, when he vowed that a well-authenticated statement of her suitor's birth and parentage must and should be a *sine quâ non*, and when he pathetically besought me to say whether I thought it at all possible that Vincent could be some aristocratic personage, masquerading for his own purposes as a pauper musician, I saw that I was in the presence of an already defeated man. He was afraid, no doubt, that the girl would elope, and no doubt she was quite capable of so doing. I could only answer that I was without information, and even without definite opinions, as to the subject of his inquiry. Vincent might be a duke in disguise, or he might be the son of a shopkeeper; but, upon the whole, the latter hypothesis seemed rather more reasonable than the former. And so poor Lord De Farnworth went groaning away.

Being constitutionally unimaginative, I was not half so much disappointed as Mrs. Duckett was when it turned out that the belongings of our mysterious friend were perfectly commonplace and respectable, after all. He was, it appeared, nothing more romantic or more interesting than the orphan nephew of a well-to-do Liverpool merchant, by whom he had been adopted and educated, and with whom he had quarrelled because the Liverpool merchant's soul refused to soar beyond the limits of the counting-house. His real name was Vincent Cunliffe, and his uncle was head of the well-known firm of Cunliffe & Co., who dealt in — I forget what article of commerce. The old gentleman, on being informed that Vincent despised commerce and proposed to go forth into a world which he expected shortly to electrify by the

exercise of his musical talents, had told him to go to the deuce, if he liked. He had accordingly betaken himself to Minchester—though not, it may be hoped, in literal obedience to the above gracious injunction. These particulars we ascertained from Vincent himself, who mentioned that he had had to communicate them to the De Farnworths.

"It would hardly have done for me to be married under a feigned name, you see," he explained; "and I had no special motive for concealment. My uncle, of course, is delighted, and has come over to Farnworth, post-haste, to embrace the bride-elect and to say how liberal he is disposed to be in the matter of settlements. They must manage all that amongst themselves; it doesn't in the least interest me, so long as I am allowed to live my own life and so long as it is understood that I will have nothing to do with a mercantile career."

"And Lord and Lady De Farnworth?" I ventured to inquire. "Are they as delighted as your uncle?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Not quite, I believe," he answered; "but they are probably of opinion that things might have been worse, and it has been some consolation to them to hear that my mother was highly connected. One can't expect such people to understand what emperors and kings have always understood, that the only real aristocracy is the aristocracy of talent."

I had not been previously aware that the royal personages alluded to held that view; but it was, perhaps, just as well that Mr. Vincent Cunliffe did; for, under all the circumstances, arrogance was more likely to serve his turn than humility. Evidently Miss Netta's vast wealth, actual and prospective, was a matter of no moment to him, nor could I divine what his motive was for marrying her. Yet it may be that that motive was not so very far to seek. The girl had fallen over head and ears in love with him—had even, I dare say, gone the length of proposing to him, and his queer, unaccountable

vanity had been unable to hold out against the compliment.

His vanity should have been, and very likely was, highly flattered by the attentions which were showered upon him from all quarters when the engagement was publicly announced. I believe I have already mentioned that the ladies of Minchester were inclined to look upon him with a favoring eye; as soon as they heard of his extraordinary good fortune, and as soon as they had become convinced, by consulting books of reference, that his maternal grandfather had really been in the peerage, they hardly knew how to make enough of him. Still they did their best, and such of them as had daughters of their own tried not to show how vexed they were with themselves for having hitherto failed to divine his social position. As for Miss Netta, she was as proud of her conquest as if the man had actually been what he was so fond of asserting that he was going to be. Few people value themselves upon what has always been theirs, and possibly the pinnacle on which she stood as an heiress of the first water may have seemed to her to be a less exalted one than it did to others. Anyhow, she adored him undisguisedly and a trifle noisily (for it was her nature to make a noise about everything), while he accepted her homage with a good-humored toleration which sometimes made me feel that it would do him no great harm to be gently kicked.

This state of things lasted for about ten days, at the expiration of which time my young friend astounded me by walking into my room one evening, and saying curtly, "Well, it's all off."

"What is all off?" I asked. "Surely you don't mean your marriage?"

"That's just what I do mean. There's a fine fuss up at Farnworth, as you may imagine; but really I can't help it. I had to tell Netta last night that the thing was utterly out of the question. My dear sir, did you ever hear her sing?"

"Of course I have heard her sing,"

I answered. "So have you, I presume, as you have been her singing master all this time."

"No; not more than a few notes. She always put me off, upon one pretext or another, and, indeed, I wasn't very anxious to hear her, suspecting that it would hardly be a treat. But last night, after dinner, she was pleased to favor the company, and—oh, Lord! I must say that I think you might have warned me! How could you ever have supposed that it would be possible for me to live in the house with such a woman? The mercy is that I have found her out in time; for, as I said to her, nothing could have come of our marriage but a speedy and final separation."

Preposterous though this was, he was perfectly in earnest, and my representations did not avail to shake his resolution for a moment. No doubt, he agreed, an arrangement might have been made by which his wife should bind herself never to sing again; but that would not have satisfied him. The terrible thing was that she should be capable of making those atrocious noises and liking them. It showed such a perverted intelligence, such utter inability to distinguish between right and wrong, that he shuddered still at the thought of what he had escaped.

"Moreover," he added, with a slight laugh, "she was much too furious to come to terms, and so were her people. Lord De Farnworth has expelled me with ignominy from the halls of his posterity, and my uncle swears he will never speak to me again. I stand before you, my dear Dr. Duckett, penniless, but free."

Must I confess that I inwardly respected this madman, while verbally condemning his conduct in the most forcible language that I could lay my tongue to? It is necessary, perhaps, to be a musician in order to understand exactly how I felt and how thoroughly I could sympathize with the sudden aversion which he had conceived for the Honorable Netta; but anybody can admire disinterestedness, and everybody must acknowledge that Vincent

Cunliffe had shown himself superior to those sordid considerations which sway the vast majority of mankind. I did not, however, allow him to suppose that I sympathized with him in the least. On the contrary, I told him that he had behaved not only like a fool but very unlike a gentleman, and that it was his bounden duty to make such reparation as he had it in his power to make without an instant's delay.

He smiled, shook his head, and inquired, pertinently enough, what reparation he had it in his power to make. He was sorry to have put anybody to inconvenience, but he was not going to marry the girl, and, as he was not going to marry her, there was nothing more to be said. The prospect of being cut off by his uncle did not appear to alarm him much. He had made up his mind a long time ago, he said, that he would have to dispense with his uncle's patronage and pecuniary aid. And, indeed, it was only too true that these somewhat necessary benefits were to be denied to him. Walking homewards from the cathedral, after service that afternoon, I was accosted by an angry old gentleman with a red face and a white beard, who introduced himself as Mr. Cunliffe, and stated that he wished to caution me against advancing money to that rascally young nephew of his.

"He is sure to ask you for money," Mr. Cunliffe said; "he has no conscience about such matters—or about any other matters either, as far as that goes. Well, you have chosen to take him up, and you can do as you please about helping him. Only be so good as to understand, once for all, that no loan made to him will ever be repaid by me. No man can say that I have not done my duty, and a great deal more than my duty, by that conceited, ungrateful young puppy. Now let him starve, since he prefers to starve! I wash my hands of him—I wash my hands of him, sir!"

Mr. Cunliffe's hands looked as if they would not be the worse for a little washing; but that is neither here nor there. I thanked him for his friendly

warning and wished him good-after-noon without waiting to hear the indignant denunciation which I saw that he was anxious to pronounce. What would have been the use of further words? I could not make Vincent marry Miss Thrupp, nor was I by any means sure that, after the insult to which she had been subjected, Miss Thrupp any longer desired to marry Vincent.

The De Farnworths, as was to be expected, left immediately for London; the rupture caused a nine days' wonder in Minchester, and then, if it was not forgotten, it ceased to be so much talked about. Unfortunately, poor Vincent's newly acquired popularity ceased also, and his pupils dropped him as if he had been attacked by leprosy. I dare say the true story of his renunciation did not transpire; I dare say it was generally assumed that something disgraceful had been discovered about him; anyhow he was sent to Coventry, and Coventry is a dismal place of abode for those whose purses are empty. I don't know how he lived during the two months that followed. I was able to provide him with a little work and a very little pay; but I could no longer offer him dinner, for I am sorry to say that Mrs. Duckett declined to meet him, averring that he had deceived her shamefully, and that she had seen through him all along. The two statements sounded irreconcilable; but I know better than to invite my wife to reconcile her statements.

The poor fellow used to come in late at night, bringing his counterpoint to be corrected, and looking paler and more hollow-cheeked as the weeks passed on. It broke my heart to watch him and to listen to the sanguine anticipations of a bright and glorious future which he had in no way abandoned. Sometimes I quite loved Vincent—he seemed to me to be such a true artist, and his musical instincts were so wonderfully sound; but I must own that at other times he tried my patience almost beyond bearing. His moods were at least as irreconcilable as Mrs. Duckett's assertions, and infinitely

more puzzling. He must often, I am sure, have been hungry in those days, and he was occasionally despondent; but, upon the whole, I don't think he was unhappy; there was just that compensating feature in an otherwise melancholy spectacle.

But it fell to my lot to make him unhappy when at length he brought me his famous symphony, and flung the completed score down upon my table, with an exultant air, telling me to glance over it at my leisure. Alas! what could I say when he returned on the morrow to hear my verdict? I did say all that I could; I was able to affirm honestly that he had made great progress, and that certain passages in his work, if rendered as he had apparently intended that they should be rendered, would have rare beauty; but to tell him that such a composition could ever be performed by any orchestra would have been not only dishonest, but downright absurd. I could not have believed that any one could have been thrown into such depths of utter despair by adverse criticism as he was, after hearing me out. What on earth had the man expected? It was beyond me to conjecture; nor did he think it worth while to reply when I put the question to him. He only said, with tears in his eyes, that he now saw the hopelessness of what he had attempted, and that the attempt would not be repeated for many years, if indeed it were ever repeated at all.

"Of course it won't!" I returned rather impatiently—for his dejection struck me as both unmanly and uncalled for. "God bless my soul! did you think you could sit down and write a symphony as easily as a love-letter?"

I am afraid he did write a love-letter that very night—whether easily or not I cannot say. I did not see him again for several days, and then he came in to make what he was pleased to call a final confession to me.

"You have been very kind to me, Dr. Duckett," he began, after declining, with a wave of his hand, the cigar that I offered him; "but there is no

concealing the fact that you despise me. Well, you can't possibly despise me more than I do myself—that's one thing! To mistake yourself for a lion when you are only a poodle-dog, to imagine that you have the world at your feet, when it is really you who are at the feet of the world, which are not even raised to kick so insignificant an atom out of the way—it would be difficult to be more contemptible, wouldn't it? Or do you think that an even lower depth of humiliation might be reached by a man who, having turned his back upon an heiress because she was too unrefined to be tolerated, thought better of it and craved to be taken into her favor again, so that at least her money might save him from the workhouse?"

"Have you done that?" I asked in some astonishment.

"If I had," he answered, with a dreary laugh, "I should have abased myself in vain; for Netta Thrupp is going to be married shortly to Lord—really I forget his title, but no doubt he is a lord of the best quality that can be bought for money; and she particularly wishes it to be understood that nothing except the tedium of life at Farnworth could ever have made her fancy herself in love with a provincial teacher of music. Well, good-bye, Dr. Duckett, and many thanks for all your goodness to me. You couldn't add to it by lending me a few yards of stout cord, I suppose? No? Never mind; one's razors and the river remain."

I let him go, scarcely troubling myself to answer these ravings. I was annoyed with him for being so easily discouraged, and still more annoyed with him for having stooped to renew his courtship of Netta Thrupp. As for his threats of suicide, he had indulged in similar ones so frequently that I attached no importance to them, fully expecting to see him back within twenty-four hours in a more cheerful, though perhaps not much more reasonable, frame of mind.

Well, I was wrong; for I never saw him again alive. He was found dead

in his bed the next morning, with an empty bottle, which had contained some anæsthetic, beside him, and I shall always feel that I was at least as much to blame for his death as the chemist's assistant who got into such trouble at the inquest, though Mrs. Duckett says that is very great nonsense. What distresses me most, when I think about him, is not the cutting short of a young life—for such calamities are occurring every day, and there is no time to grieve over them—as my strong conviction that a great composer was lost to the world when poor Vincent Cunliffe decided, in his dejection and impatience, upon quitting it. This is the only strong conviction that I can hold concerning him, and this, of course, rests upon no solid basis. The effect produced upon me by his character, with all its jarring and discordant elements, was that harmony must have been meant to be evolved, somehow or other, out of those strange dissonances; but the speculation is an idle one, which probably possesses no interest for anybody save myself. Assuredly it has none for the impulsive young woman who once became enamoured of him, and who is now as happy as possible with her title, her diamonds, and her very indulgent husband. "Some day," says Mrs. Duckett, who is nothing, if not orthodox, "all these apparent mysteries will be explained." Perhaps so.

W. E. NORRIS.

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.

THE COUNTRY SUNDAY.

THERE is always a strange calm and peacefulness about the country Sunday—an air of quiet and rest. How far imagination carries me away I do not know, but on this fifth Sunday after Lent the sun seems to shine a little more brightly than it does on week days; the animals seem to know it is Sunday, and one might think the birds knew it too, were they not just now so busy either building nests or hatching early clutches of eggs that they appear to have temporarily for-

gotten all about it. They will remember it again in the warm, hazy Sundays of late summer and early autumn. Partridges surely know it well at that season, laying on a Sunday until you almost walk on to the top of the covey. And the outlying pheasants, which wander along the hedgerows in search of blackberries and acorns, really seem on Sunday morning as if they had forgotten all their cunning ways of running down one hedge and up another, and so on, at the first alarm, and so going right off the beat. I seem to notice this difference in their behavior; is it all merely fancy? It is certainly on Sunday, when I have no gun, that stray snipe get out of the brook under my very nose. The farm horses know Sunday well enough; they are free to rest their feet on the cool grass the livelong day, free to roll on the sward, to do nothing but munch, munch at the short turf from morning until night, and to look complacently at the carter in his Sunday clothes, taking his rest too. Carter likes to bend the steps of the afternoon stroll across by the farm he works on. He likes "the missus" to see how well "my harses" are looking. Our dogs know Sunday, perhaps by the sound of the bells. They trot about a little listlessly in the morning, and when the bells have done chiming watch the party walking down to the gate wistfully, almost sadly, without attempting to follow. Only an old bull-terrier never could be brought to see that his company is not at all times desirable. He comes over the wall and follows quietly, so that his presence is not detected until we are within the church porch. Nor would he be denied the church itself were he not carried all the way home and safely shut in the stables. But, as a rule, dogs know church time perfectly, and their behavior in the afternoon, on our appearance in a tweed coat, is entirely different, exuberant joy taking the place of sad resignation.

To me this morning the whole air seems so full of Sunday that I fancy everything is affected by it. Is it merely imagination, or do the bees

round the white allison and the wall-fruit blossom *really* hum in a more subdued, a gentler key? And did that hybernated tortoise-shell butterfly, now fanning its wings on the warm kitchen-garden path, flit by in a more leisurely way than usual?

No one enjoys his day's rest more than the farm laborer. Well does he deserve it. He may not go about his work very quickly; no one who has ever given the matter a thought would expect him to do so; but it is hard, heavy labor all the same. The principal service at the village chapels seems to take place in the early afternoon, not in the morning; and this is not an unwise arrangement. A man wants to get up in a leisurely way on a Sunday morning, without the trouble of getting himself into Sunday clothes the first thing. After breakfast it is nice to walk up to the allotments, to look over our neighbors' crops and our own, too, talk them over, and then bring down the vegetables the good wife wants for dinner. Then follows an inspection of pigs, and a chat, pipe in mouth, leaning over the pig-sty wall. The day laborer, who all the week must work from morning until evening to get enough to keep himself and his family upon, must not be judged in this respect by quite the same standard as those who have abundant leisure. After all, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; and although we may admire the genuine sense of duty and the thorough kind-heartedness which prompts the vicar's daughters to attend church three times and Sunday-school twice, and sends them to bed early thoroughly tired out with their manifold labors of love, Sunday to the laboring man is, as it should and must be, a day of sweet rest. After a leisurely, restful morning, it is time to go and "clean oneself;" to put on the Sunday coat, and so be ready by time the "pudding bell" rings out from the church. In many country places it is the custom to ring a bell when the congregation are out of church. The bakers will not open their ovens until

this bell rings, and it is the signal for folks to go and fetch their dinners home. Soon after this they may be seen coming away from the bakehouses with oblong tins, in which the joint has been baking, over browning potatoes or a pudding. It is not an economical style of cooking, but the English are not born cooks, and many a laborer's wife can do little more than boil vegetables or fry a bit of meat "in the pan." It is not born in them, and few of them have any chance of learning. Still, the roast must be got ready for the oven, and the pudding must be made; the vegetables also have to be boiled, and the children have to be made ready for Sunday-school. So if it is inconvenient for the good man to go to church or chapel in the morning, it is well-nigh impossible for his wife. On week days the dinner-bell rings from the church tower at noon, which is still "dinner-time" in the country, and sounds over the fields to the ploughman on the fallow and the solitary hedge-cutter. But on Sunday it is generally half past twelve before dinner-time comes. Then the village is very quiet for a while.

Soon after this, on fine days, the folks begin to stroll out. Now comes the time for service. We are brushed up and tidy, and after a good dinner a man can lean back and easily support the weight of a discourse without the mind running away on any more pressing matters; and so home to an early cup of tea.

On Sunday afternoons in the warm weather, as well as in the morning before service time the quite old men (who, having no pressing duties, and needing no extra rest, could go to morning service, and did so until recent years) used to sit on their doorsteps, or on the edge of the footpath where the path was raised, in their buff or grey smock-frocks, embroidered with white work round the neck and shoulders, and the real beaver hats, which always looked as if they had been brushed the wrong way. The old men sit out now sometimes, but not so much as they used to, or you may

come upon one sunning himself against a warm south wall. But you see the smock-frock no longer, and the beaver hat is gone. I sometimes see a smock in the fields, but as Sunday garments they have quite gone, and the red cloaks of the old women seem to have followed them. They are both losses to the country Sunday, if only from an artistic point of view.

In the afternoon, after service, almost everybody goes for a walk. It is nicest to see a whole family—man, wife, and children—walking out. Hand in hand they stretch quite across the lane. Some one once remarked to me how slowly the country folk walked on Sunday. They do; it is part of the Sunday calm. But of course they walk slowly, they have no reason to do otherwise; and although they may walk slower than ever on Sunday, their whole life-training precludes a quick pace. No one can walk with a quick step over a sticky fallow. As a boy the laborer walked slowly as he led the team at plough or in the wagon; as a man, come to holding a plough himself, he walks slowly. Hard, heavy work of all kinds must be done slowly. Cattle must be driven slowly, and the sheep, also, when they are moved from one part of the farm to another. So the good folk go along gently this afternoon. They do not go very far; often stop for a talk with a neighbor, or to lean over a gate and look at the crops. It is, happily, unnecessary for them to take a constitutional. I am glad they go slowly—the pace fits in with the air of Sunday. It is quite distracting when a trap from the town goes rattling through the village with a fast-trotting horse. The rapid motion and hurry seem so out of place to-day. When the family get out into the lanes or fields the children gather bunches of whatever particular hedge spoil is in season—primroses, cowslips, and "cow-cranes" in spring, dog-roses in June, and berries and nuts in autumn. Just lately they have been getting violets, which they carried in tightly pinched bunches in their little hot hands. Very often the bunches do not

get home. Perhaps they are dropped when hands have to be taken again at the entrance of the village ; perhaps they are thrown away in favor of finer specimens or some more highly prized flower. On Monday morning many flowers or berries are found scattered about the lanes and roadsides.

On Sunday the countryman has leisure to admire his garden flowers, and just now he looks anxiously to see how the winter and the treacherous early spring has dealt with some favorite root, or if his tulip-bulbs are coming strong. It is not, of course, every cottager who has space for a flower-garden, but in their fondness for flowers they yield to few. Witness the window-plants which always flourish so, and look so well year after year, although they soon become sickly and unhealthy in a drawing-room and have to be sent to the hothouse to gather strength again. Nor must we expect a fine show of window-plants in every cottage any more than a garden redolent of clove-pinks, gilliflowers, southernwood, and sweetbriar—bright and gay with marigolds, sweet-williams, and damask roses, and many another beautiful old-fashioned flower. Given the space, it is hard to think of flowers when enough food is not always an assured thing. Perhaps we must look upon the flowers about the cottages as the outward and visible signs of the prosperity within, and the outcome of it. Perhaps their presence is one little reason for the existence of that prosperity. The flowers were the outward sign of the good qualities which helped the occupier to prosper. For surely the man must be a little better for his love of his flowers ! Surely it must be good for him to tend something voluntarily which will bring him in no gain ! And just as it is good for a man to grow flowers for the love of them, so it is good for him to wear them. It shows to some extent in his case not only an appreciation of the flowers, but a respect for himself as well. And the custom of wearing a flower in the coat "of a Sunday" is a common one in villages, especially in the unsophisti-

cated ones, which "lie away wide" of the towns. But I am afraid the times when a marigold and a sprig of southernwood formed a favorite button-hole or "posy" are gone forever.

Not the least remarkable feature about the country Sunday is the hushed quietness, the stillness in the air. We should hardly imagine that the ordinary daily work going on the fields could produce anything resembling that dull, confused sound which fills the air in busy places, and to those who live in them is chiefly remarkable when it temporarily ceases. But it does so, for how else can we account for that strange stillness we always notice on Sunday when there is no creaking of ploughs, or jingle of harrows, or crack of whip, or rattle of mowing and reaping machines ? In the stillness of the Sunday mornings we hear sounds afar off. The bleat of early lambs, the cawing from the rookery down below us in the valley, the laughing cry of the woodpecker, and perhaps the rumble of a spring cart on the distant turnpike road. The sound of the chiming church bells, too, of some distant village comes over hill and valley, and strikes clearly on the ear when the wind "sets that way." The long distance it has travelled is sometimes surprising, and we say to ourselves, "Why, those must be — bells !" The bells sound so much more appropriately to the day when they are chimed than when they are rung. Ringing bells should only accompany strong gladness. They can ring out when a nation, a community, or a family rejoices. But even as they ring in joy, the element of sadness which is so strong in them will strike a note of sorrow here and there. Apart from these times the peal must always be too sad for a sunny country Sunday. The peculiarly quiet, soft, gentle sound of chiming bells is, on the other hand, wholly in keeping with the day and time, and the air of peace. Soft and sweet they sound ; age, perhaps, has mellowed their tone. Calling to service the living dwellers in the village Sunday after Sunday, year after year, as they have called in time past the

generations which now lie sleeping under the green mounds on each side of the graveyard path. How closely the bells were knit with the simple histories of the dead who lie there! They chimed on the Sunday of the christenings, they rang out at the weddings, and the "sounding" of the bells (one after another, so many strokes on each for man, woman, or child), told their erstwhile neighbors of the close of the life, and the passing of the spirit to its place.

On the south, west, and east sides of the church, especially the south, the graves stand thick, but only lately, since the other parts became full, have mounds began to dot the cold, sunless northern side. In many places we do not find any yard on the north side of the church, and where it does exist it has more often than not been laid to the old piece only in recent years. There was a strong feeling, if not a superstition, against lying on that shaded side of the church. For though they say, "Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon," on the funeral day, yet they like their dead to lie where the sun can shine on their mounds; where flowers will grow kindly. Perhaps this last was partly the foundation for the dislike to the north side.

The various objects we meet with in our Sunday afternoon walks, and especially the field and hedgerow flora and the crops, impress on our minds the march of the year. And as some of the feasts of the Church are movable, so the feasts of the flowers vary a little in different years. Easter may be late or early, but the question of an early or a late spring naturally makes a greater difference to those who pass all their lives in country places. If Easter happens early and the spring is late, things seem to be entirely disordered, and quite out of tune as well as time. It always seems to me that there is a natural time of the year, a date in the calendar of nature, which is just suitable for this season of the Church year. Good Friday never seems to me quite natural unless I can go out and

gather a good bunch of violets without much search. Nay, I like to be able to smell them as I walk down the side of the hedge; to be aware of their presence before I see them. It seems so unnatural when a cruel north-east wind blows all day, and snow-showers come whirling over the hills at intervals, as happens now more often than not with a very early Easter. On Palm Sunday the children always look out for tufts of willow blossom, which ought by that time to be covered with yellow anthers. So closely in the observant minds of the country people is the flowering of the willow connected with the season that the flower is commonly known as "palm." I say the observant minds of the country people. The latter were, before the spread of education, or rather of book-learning—that is a better name for the kind of education which has done the harm—keenly observant of nature, and knew their birds and plants in their rough-and-ready way as the present rising generation will never know them. But the children will hand down traditions, no doubt, of these things so far as they interest young children.

Almost the first sign of coming spring is the putting forth of yellow catkins by the hazel bushes, and the dark green leaves of the dog's mercury pushing up through the dead leaves on the ditch bank. We know then that if the season is kindly we shall soon scent a violet, and that the hedge buds will be swelling. Then weak bleating of young lambs is heard in the fields, and the rookery is in a perfect turmoil. Perhaps there is not a sweeter spring sound than the cawing of the rooks at their nesting trees, and it is a sound perfectly compatible with the Sunday calm; indeed, there is something very soothing about it. A little later in the year, and the meadows foreshadow the golden sheets they will be at the end of May. And now we have forgotten the "blackthorn winter," and are looking for the days when the tall hedgerows and old "staggy" thorn-bushes will be as though the snows of winter had come back to them. This is the season

at which Whitsuntide should rightly fall — when there must be white flowers in the church, and outside, nature is decked out in white; white may, white cones of chestnut blossom, white lilac coming out. And then a trinity of greens: the fresh, young green of the trees in fullest foliage, the yet unfaded, shining green of the hedges, and the full, rich color of the grass and the corn. The scent of the “blowing” wheat, and the first field of meadow grass which is “down,” mark the turn of nature’s year, and the time is not far distant when the fields will be whitening to harvest. Far up on the opposite hillside a patch of light color appears in the sunshine one morning; and for two or three Sundays following the light color broadens and increases, as on the upland arable lands the corn ripens. Sunday after Sunday passes; the fields are clearing and the berries redden on the hedges. Trinity Sundays are in double figures and will soon be in their teens. The gardens are gorgeous with dahlias, asters, marigolds, and the late crop of roses; the nectarines ripen on the wall. The smooth turf of the lawn is a deep rich green from the close growth of Dutch clover, and the tall, white anemones gleam in the twilight of the warm autumn evenings. The robins are singing in the calm, golden, hazy afternoons; yet the trees are still all untouched. But the decline is coming surely beneath this air of calm, ripe beauty. One Sunday we notice a yellow leaf on the chestnut; the next there is a large gold patch. Each week brings further signs of the fall, and we look now for the first sharp frost to fill the air with falling leaves and bring the acorns pattering down; to listen for the first chack, chack of the fieldfares and the quip of the redwings as they fly out of hedgerows. Our calendar has run through; the year’s labor is over, and soon the snowy covering will lightly cover its work. For nature now a sleep, not of death, but from which she will awake and renew the face of the earth. The calendars are together again, for the

Church, too, has ended her year. But the advent of nature’s spring is passed in quiet rest.

From The British Medical Journal.
WHAT DROWNING FEELS LIKE.

A WOMAN, who was among those saved in the recent deplorable accident in Morecambe Bay, is reported in the papers to have said that she remembered sinking twice and thinking she had “only to go down once more and all would be over.” Every one knows the description given by “false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,” of his dream:

Lord, Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

. . . and often did I strive

To yield the ghost, but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul and would not let it forth.

This is poetical rather than scientifically accurate, but it is remarkable that Shakespeare, when he represents the drowning man as retaining consciousness and having “leisure in the time of death to gaze upon the secrets of the deep,” comes very near what has been the actual experience of some who have been snatched from a watery grave when life was all but extinct.

There are several authentic records of such experiences. One of the most interesting is that of Admiral Beaufort, as described by himself in a letter to Dr. Wollaston. When a youngster he fell overboard in Portsmouth Harbor, and before relief reached him had sunk below the surface. All hope had fled, all exertion ceased, and he felt that he was drowning. Two minutes did not elapse before he was hauled up, and he found the return to life much less pleasant than drowning. Admiral Beaufort adds that he had heard from two or three persons who had had a similar experience that their sensations had closely resembled his own. Sir Benjamin Brodie relates the case of a sailor

who had been snatched from the waves and lain for some time on the deck of his ship insensible, who on his recovery declared that he had been in Heaven, and complained of his restoration to life as a great hardship.

In a well-known passage of the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," De Quincey relates that he was once told by a near relative that "having in her childhood (aged nine) fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the assistance which reached her at the last critical moment, she saw in a moment her whole life, clothed in its forgotten incidents, arrayed before her as in a mirror, not successively but simultaneously, and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part.

An American gentleman, Mr. C. A. Hartley, has recently given an interesting account of his sensations when drowning. He lay at the bottom of a river in a state of semi-consciousness, in which he saw his relatives and friends all about him with their eyes full of tears. All the events of his life, from infancy upwards, passed slowly before his mental vision; he felt that he was drowning, and he remembers thinking, unlike Clarence, that it was not pain to drown. He was able even to speculate whether his body would be found, and he pictured his own funeral, and fancied he could hear the earth thrown on his coffin. He had sensations of the nature of tinnitus (ringing of bells, etc.) in his ears, and he had visual perceptions of the most marvellous combinations of colors. Next all was peace around him; he had a peculiar feeling of well-being in a medium of a temperature neither too hot nor too cold. Then he felt himself as if raised from the earth, and floating in space, and looking down on the world spread out at his feet. Lastly came mere darkness and oblivion till he found himself stretched on the river bank and being subjected to the disagreeable process of restoration to life.

It will be noted that all these accounts agree in two points, namely, the

apocalypse of the past life even in its minute details, and the absence of any unpleasant sensation. On the whole, the popular idea (which in such matters is never wholly wrong) that drowning is a pleasant form of death is confirmed by the testimony of the few who have practically reached the bourne of the undiscovered country and yet returned to tell the tale.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE HUMORS OF HERALDRY.

HERALDRY has been variously regarded by its admirers and exponents as a science, an art, a religion, or a philosophy. To the ignorant outsider, however, it appears rather in the light of a human system, akin to grammar and theology, based upon laws arbitrary and immutable, as are all laws of man's construction. In a natural art or science there are many surprises, since at any moment a genius may arise who overturns accepted facts and revolutionizes accredited theories. But while we submit with a good grace to nature's apparent inconsequences and inconsistencies, we bitterly resent any interference with the integrity of a system of human manufacture. A grammatical Wagner or a theological Whistler could never hope for recognition, still less an heraldic Darwin.

Macaulay, when inveighing against the "correct" school of poetry, asks contemptuously: "Is poetry, like heraldry, mere matter of arbitrary regulation? The heralds tell us that certain scutcheons and bearings denote certain conditions, and that to put colors on colors, or metals on metals, is false blazoury. If all this were reversed—if every coat-of-arms in Europe were new-fashioned, if it were decreed that or should never be placed but on argent, or argent but on or, that illegitimacy should be denoted by a lozenge and widowhood by a bend—the new science would be just as good as the old science, because both the new and the old would be good for nothing." It must be urged, in excuse for this

rank heraldic blasphemy, that at the time it was written no vision of a future peerage floated before Macaulay's eyes.

In spite of its dogmatic spirit and conservative tendencies, there is yet a charm about the subject of heraldry, if only because the whole system is in such direct antagonism to all the ideas, theories, and prejudices of these utilitarian times. The very existence of such an institution as the College of Arms at the end of the nineteenth century must be regarded as an anomaly, an anachronism, or a prehistoric survival. The heraldic world possesses a government, a language, a scheme of ethics, a fauna and a flora all its own. In that strange land he who wishes to get on must go back, and he who desires to keep his place in the struggle for existence must stand still. There is no question of the survival of the fittest, or rather the fittest are the most ancient and effete. The heraldic moralist has no care for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, since quality, not quantity, alone has any value in his eyes. For the heraldic politician the masses are non-existent, and the classes reign supreme. In such a world we may imagine Garter King of Arms, Norroy, and Clarenceux wandering through fields of argent, surrounded by heraldic monsters, rampant, passant, or couchant, talking Anglo-Norman French or punning in motto Latin, listening to the song of the feetless martlet or the beakless allerton, and plucking the conventional trefoil and fleur-de-lys.

According to mediæval heraldic writers, the institution of coat-armour is of the most ancient, and, indeed, sacred origin. "At hevyn I will begin," says Dame Julian Berners, the accomplished Prioress of Sopewell, in her "Boke of St. Albans," published in 1486, "where were five orders of angels, and now stand but four, in coat armour of knowledge, encrowned full high with precious stones, where Lucifer with millions of angels out of hevyn fell into hell and oder places, and ben there holden in bondage; and

all were erected in hevyn of gentill nature." It is satisfactory to learn, on the same authority, that the four Evangelists were gentlemen "come by the right line of that worthy conqueror, Judas Maccabeus," and also that the four great doctors of Holy Church — St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory — were "gentlemen of blood and coat-armour."

Although heraldic authorities have made no direct attempt to solve the vexed question,

When Adam delyed and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

yet they have assigned to Adam two coats-of-arms. The first, which was borne in Eden before the fall — when he needed neither coat for covering nor arms for defence — consisted of a shield gules, upon which the arms of Eve (a shield argent) were quartered as an escutcheon of pretence, she being an heiress! The second coat, borne after the expulsion from the garden, was "paly tranche, divided every way, and tinctured of every color." The use of furs in blazonry is, it has been solemnly asserted, a relic of the garments of skins worn by our first parents. The second man who lived upon the earth, Abel, was, we are told, a true gentleman — a proof that it does not necessarily take three generations to manufacture the article. Cain was "no gentleman" by behavior, but he was the first man who desired to have his arms changed, "so God set his mark upon him."

Nearly all the principal characters in the Old Testament have been accredited with coats-of-arms. These are, as a rule, highly appropriate, except in the case of Joseph's heraldic coat, which was merely black tinctured with white — "chequy sable and argent" — whereas something after the pattern of Adam's second coat would surely have been more in keeping with the youthful Joseph's favorite attire. Gideon bore arms, sable, a fleece argent, a chief azure gutté d'eau; David, a harp or in a field argent; and Samson, gules, a lion couchant or, within an orle

argent, semée of bees sable. Armorial ensigns are supposed to have received divine sanction, for God, when prescribing unto Moses the form of conducting the Israelites in their journey through the wilderness, expressly commanded the use of armorial signs, saying, "The children of Israel shall pitch their tents every man by his own camp, and every man by his own *standard*."

Turning from Scriptural to classical heraldry, the devices and badges borne by the Greek warriors upon shield or helmet were eagerly seized upon by the mediæval heralds as a proof of the antiquity of their art, and, with the help of a little imagination, were developed into an elaborate system of armory. "The beginning of arms," according to a curious old manuscript preserved at the Herald's College, "was first founded at the great siege of Troye, within the Citie and without. The great Lordes gathered together, and accorded that every man that did a great act of armes should bear upon him a merke in token of his doughty deeds. . . . When the siege was ended the lordes went forth into divers lands to seek adventures, and Brute and his knights with their merkes came to England, and inhabited the land; and after, because the name of merkes was rude, they turned the same into armes, forasmuch as the name was far fairer, and because that merkes were gotten through might of armes of men."

Our latter-day heralds repudiate all connection with Greek and Roman, as well as with Scriptural armory. The modern system of heraldry, it is now believed, had its rise in the standards used by the German princes in the centuries immediately preceding the Norman Conquest. Henry the Fowler advanced it to its next step when, in regulating the tournaments, he ordered that all combatants should be distinguished by liveries composed of narrow pieces of stuffs of various colors. But if the Germans invented heraldry, the French reduced it to a system. To them is due the arrangement of tinctures and metals, the attitudes of the

animals, and the technical terms used in blazonry. Although coat armor is said to have been in use during the latter years of the Conqueror's reign, it did not become hereditary until the time of Henry III. In 1483 Richard III. incorporated the English heralds, who before that date had been attached to the court or to the households of great nobles, into a fraternity, and founded the establishment known as the College of Arms. In the days of great pageants the revenues of the heralds, from one source or another, must have been considerable. At a coronation they received 100*l.*, and on the king's marrying a wife 50*l.*, with the gift of the king's and queen's uppermost garments. They were also paid largesse for proclaiming the styles and titles of the nobility on public occasions, and could claim valuable perquisites in the shape of the rich stuffs, velvets, tissues, and cloth of gold that were used for the furniture and decorations of State functions.

As time went on, the heralds performed other and more useful duties than the solemn mummeries required by their royal employers. They took charge of the genealogies of noble or gentle families, more especially after the dissolution of monasteries, in which during the lawless mediæval days valuable documents had been placed for safe custody. About once in a generation visitations were made by the heralds to inquire into the pedigree of every family in the country claiming the honor of gentility. The visitations were especially necessary in and after the prosperous reign of Elizabeth, when many *nouveaux riches* sprang up who desired to bear arms. To meet this demand heraldic adventurers, such as are not unknown in our own day, undertook to forge pedigrees and invent coats-of-arms for the sake of filthy lucre. One of the most remarkable incidents in the history of English heraldry is to be found in the triumphant career of the College of Arms during the storms of the Great Rebellion and under the stern rule of the Commonwealth. Garter King at

Arms kept his head and his title after King Charles's head had fallen, after the name "King's Bench" had been changed, even after the word "kingdom" had been blotted out of the Republican dictionary. Cromwell, indeed, like most parvenus, loved pomp and finery; his pageants are said to have surpassed those of his royal predecessor in splendor and costliness, and we doubt not that he kept the heralds hard at work.

It was natural that in the days when the shield was meant for use as well as for ornament, when the crest was worn on the helmet instead of on the livery buttons, and when the family motto was a war-cry, the study of heraldry should have been included in the educational curriculum, and that a copious literature on the subject should have arisen. In the sixteenth century a curious little book called "The Accedens of Armory" was published by Gerard Legh. This purported to be a dialogue between Gerard the Herehaught and Legh the Caligat knight, wherein, by the aid of roughly drawn illustrations, the former explained to the latter the existing system of armory. In the preface Legh divides the ungentle into three unequal parts, as follows: "The first whereof are gentle ungentle. Such be they who will rather swear arms than bear arms. Who of negligence stop mustard-pots with their fathers' pedigrees. The second sort are ungentle gentlemen, who being enhanced to honors by their fathers, yet cannot they keep so much money from the dice as to make worshipful obsequies for the said fathers, with any point of armory. . . . Most of these desire the title of worship, but none do work the deed that appertaineth thereto. The third sort, and worst of all, are neither gentle, ungentle, nor ungentle gentle, but very stubble curs, and be neither doers, sufferers, nor well-speakers of honors token."

Even as late as the seventeenth century the science of heraldry seems to have been in a state of some confusion, if we may judge from the address to the courteous reader at the beginning

of Guillim's "Displaie of Heraldry," published in 1611, wherein the writer observes: "How difficult a thing it is to produce forme out of things shapeless and deformed, and to prescribe limits to things confused, there is none but may easily perceive, if he shall take but a slight view of the chaos-like contemplation of things, not only diverse but repugnant in nature, hitherto incorporated in the generous profession of Heraldry: as the formes of the pure celestial bodies, mixt with grosse terrestrials; earthly animals with watery; savage beasts with tame; whole-footed beasts with divided; reptiles with things gressible; fowles of prey with home-bred; these again with river-fowles; aery insecta with earthly; also things natural with artificial; arts liberal with mechanical, military with rustical, and rustic with civil." The author proceeds to inform his intending readers that he has done his best "to dissolve this deformed lump, distributing and digesting each particle thereof into his particular rank."

Legh, Guillim, and other early heralds waste a good deal of time and ingenuity in ascribing meanings to the colors, metals, and animals used in blazoury. Each color is supposed to represent some more or less desirable quality, such as or, wisdom, justice, riches, and elevation of mind; argent, chastity, charity, and a clear conscience; azure, a goodly disposition; gules, strength; sable, constancy, divine doctrine, and sorrow for the loss of friends; vert, joy, love, and gladness; and purpure, jurisdiction. It is curious that the poets should have adopted two of the heraldic colors to the exclusion of the other five. They sing of azure skies but not of gules sunsets, while their ladies' tresses are often sable but never or. Mr. Swinburne, if we remember right, once clothed a heroine in a "robe of vert." The use of poetical figures, and smiles drawn from the terms used in heraldry has gone out of fashion to a great extent with the decline of popular interest in the subject. One fine ex-

ample, however, occurs in the story of Enid in the "Idylls of the King," where the poet describes how Enid and Geraint remained : —

Apart by all the chamber's width and mute
As creatures voiceless through a fault of
birth,
Or two wild men, supporters of a shield,
Painted, who stare at open space, nor
glance
The one at other, parted by the shield.

The heraldic fauna is chiefly remarkable for the large number of chimerical animals that it contains. The predilection of heralds for such creatures as dragons, griffins, and unicorns may perhaps be explained by the fact that it is sometimes convenient to be unable to compare portraits with originals. There is an old story of a provincial heraldic painter who, on his first visit to London, was taken to see the lions in the Tower.

"What ! tell me those are lions," he exclaimed indignantly. "Why, I've painted lions rampant, passant, couchant, and statant for the last twenty years, and I should hope I know better than to believe that those are lions."

One of the humors of heraldry is to be found in the rule that a lion is only a lion when he is rampant ; in any other attitude he is a leopard. Most of the qualities represented by the animals are obvious enough, such as strength and courage by the lion, patience by the ass, and deliberation by the snail, but others are a trifle far fetched, as politeness by the crane, policy by the goat, and skill in music by the hart. Some of the heraldic monsters are monstrous indeed. Few families would care to bear upon their shield the Wonderful Pig of the Ocean, or the Falcon-fish with a hound's ear, still less the Scarlet Beast of the Bottomless Pit.

Canting arms, or, as they are sometimes called, allusive arms, have always been popular, and this is not surprising when they are so simple and appropriate as, for instance, three whelk-shells for Shelley, a rabbit for Warrender, three trumpets for Call, or

a horse for Trotter. In the reign of Henry VIII. family arms began to assume a more complicated and elaborate character, inasmuch that some of them have been compared to a garrison well stocked with fish, flesh, and fowl. The adoption of a florid style of armory was followed, as Bontell says, by the substitution of pictorial representations, often of a most frivolous and unintelligible description, for the simple and dignified insignia of true heraldry. The same writer describes a grant of arms made to a family named Tetlow in 1760, which, with thirteen other figures, included the representation of a book duly clasped and ornamented, having on it a silver penny upon which was written the Lord's Prayer, while above the book hovered a dove with a crow-quill in its beak. This was to commemorate one of the family having written the Lord's Prayer with a crow-quill in the compass of a silver penny !

In the department of family mottoes there is, perhaps, more scope for the exercise of heraldic humor than in any other branch of the art. Mottoes are believed to owe their origin either to war or to religion, that is, to pious ejaculations or to battle-cries. Each country had its national war-cry, and each leader urged on his forces by the shout of his own house. The old Irish war-whoop was "A boo !" from which arise the "Crom a boo !" of the Earls of Leinster, and the "Butler a boo !" of the Butler family. Possibly the derivation of that mysterious reproach, "He can't say boo to a goose," may be found in the Irish battle-cry. The earliest known instance of a motto is the *Crede Beronti* on a seal of Sir John de Byron appended to a deed dated the twenty-first year of the reign of Edward I., but the use of mottoes did not become general until the reign of Edward III. Family mottoes have been divided into three classes, the sentimental, the enigmatical, and the emblematical. Examples of the first class, which may be subdivided into the religious and the patriotic, are to be found in such irreproachable decla-

rations as *Spes mea in Deo*, "My hope is in God," or *Vincit amor patriæ*, "Love of country conquers." Of the enigmatical motto, the Duke of Bridgewater's *Sic donec*, "Thus until," and the "Strike Dakyns; the Devil's in the hempe," of the Dakyns family, may be cited as fair specimens.

The emblematical mottoes usually contain an allusion, punning or serious, to the arms, crest, or name of the family to which they belong. The Egertons' *Leoni, non sagittis fido*, "I trust to the lion, not to my arrows," refers to the lion between two arrowheads on

the family arms, and Lord Cholmondeley's *Cassis tutissima virtus*, "Virtue the safest helmet," to the helmets on his shield. The punning mottoes are often as appropriate as they are epigrammatic, witness the *Templa quam dilecta*, "How beloved are thy temples," of the Temple family, the *Fare, fac*, "Speak, act," of the Fairfaxes, the *Quod dixi dixi*, "What I have said, I have said," of the Dixies, the *Je feray ce que je diray*, of the Jefferays, the *Qui s'estime petyt deviendra grand* of the Petyts, and many others of varying degrees of aptness and merit.

WOMAN'S TREATMENT OF WOMAN.—

"Vera," in the *Lady's Pictorial*, writes a strong indictment of the way in which women treat each other. "Experience," she says, "often bitter enough, has taught us that when we are placed at the mercy of our own sex we may expect but short shrift. Possibly there is a touch of the feline in our natures after all, and we put our backs up involuntarily in the presence of our own kind, and reserve our purrs for those of the other sex, for it seems to 'come natural' to a good many women to scratch and snarl at each other. It is because the governess is so completely under feminine control that her lot is unenviable, and the shop girl will always declare that it is at the hands of forewomen they suffer most. Among professional workers the same state of affairs exists, and, as we all know, the famous proverbially combative Kilkenny cats cannot outrival the royal ladies who tear each other's clothes, pinch and drag at, and even kick, each other on Drawing Room days at Buckingham Palace. One might instance a dozen cases of woman's incivility to woman, in the home, in society, in the street, the train or omnibus, in offices or at places of amusement. But what would be the use? We know them all. We see them for ourselves each day. It is of far more importance to ask ourselves, Why should these things be? Women are treated everywhere nowadays with extreme patience, if not with absolute courtesy, by men, and each year finds them farther and farther within the fields whence they were once altogether excluded. But we may well pause and consider if the freedom and tolerance shown,

and the power that has been and will presently be still further granted to us, will be good if it is to give us increased facilities for insulting and oppressing each other. It is rather terrible to think of the discourtesy that might exist a couple or three decades hence, when we have it much more our own way than at present. But we will not anticipate such a state of affairs. Rather let us suppose that we shall have all grown too sensible to bother about such petty details as precedence, and dress differences, and authority, and all that sort of thing. We shall learn, let us hope, that it is unworthy of the high vocation to which we women have been called, to snub each other, because we cannot all dress with the same degree of richness, or because we have not got husbands and brothers at our sides to fight for us and take our parts. Until we learn to treat each other with respect and deference and courtesy, we can hardly expect that we can demand all this from men. However, there is every reason to believe that we shall come to this complexion in good time. We have had much to learn and much to unlearn, but we are patient, and clear-sighted, and tactful, and in due course we shall overcome all our follies, and learn to take that wider view of life which has hitherto been blocked from our sight by old-fashioned prejudices. Meantime, I would fain think that even now in really great questions, when the treatment of our sex generally is at stake, 'sex-pety' is not wholly unknown to us, and women even to-day will stand shoulder to shoulder for the righting of the real 'wrongs' of their sex."

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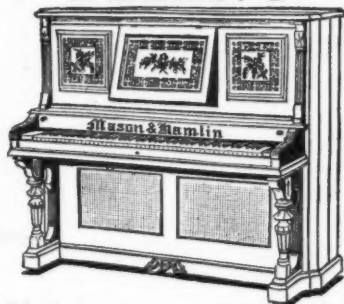
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